THE LIVING AGE

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for October, 1935

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THE GUIDE POST

THOUGH the Standard Oil interests canceled their contract with the Emperor of Abyssinia, and England was thus spared the embarrassment the Rickett concession was expected to cause her at Geneva, the hands of Britannia are by no means free of oil. An English Labor journalist, Mr. W. N. Ewer, shows how earnestly she can press the case of her own petroleum companies when the stakes are large enough to warrant it.

UNTIL very recently it was an unquestioned axiom of European diplomacy that Italy could never defy England. For England had a big navy, and Italy had a long and very exposed coastline. To-day, though still large, the British navy is not so large, relatively, as it once was. And Italy has a powerful air fleet to defend her shores. A writer for the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* examines anew the whole problem of *Mittelmeerpolitik* and concludes that in spite of changed circumstances the old axiom still holds good—for the immediate present.

IT IS not only England and France who feel their interests seriously threatened by the Italian adventure. Though their anxieties do not make news, Spain and Portugal are deeply concerned, too. A Viennese newspaper man shows why.

THE question, 'How can Italy possibly finance the war?' has been bobbing up a good deal lately, and even in Italy people are wondering. The editor of *Giustizia e Libertà* makes some interesting comparisons between the Abyssinian campaign and the World War and predicts financial ruin if Mussolini does not succeed in winning an early victory.

FROM a plethora of articles on the Suez Canal we have selected two for our readers. The first, from an English law journal, reviews the treaties and court decisions governing it and concludes that, if Italy goes to war in violation of the Kellogg Pact, England will be free to close the Canal. The other, from the *Prager Tagblatt*, gives a bit of 'local color.'

ANYONE who remembers the lengths to which England went to force Greece into the last war on the side of the Allies will have no difficulty in crediting the rumor that it is England which is behind the Greek restoration movement. For, though in the modern world Greece is utterly without importance industrially, and of very little significance as a potential market, she happens to occupy a strategic position in both the Mediterranean and the Balkans. Our two articles on the Greek restoration movement examine the British game from both these angles, and the second of them recounts also the attitude of the other Powers . . . and of the Greeks themselves, who, like 'sovereign people' the world over, seem strangely unimportant beside their rulers.

OUR 'Letter from Germany,' written by a distinguished American economist now engaged in gathering material for a book on standards of living throughout the world, is not only absorbing but authoritative. The picture of Nazi Germany it draws is indeed a dark one; but no darker than the facts—were they better known—would amply justify.

THE foreign correspondents of great newspapers are as various as other men in their supplies of energy and curiosity. There are some who content themselves with translating and relaying the official government handouts, some who sit in their offices composing mélanges of local press reports, and some (alas, all too few) who actually go out and get the news. In

(*Continued on page 188*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

WITH J. P. MORGAN calling on Stanley Baldwin at 10 Downing Street and with Montagu Norman back on the coast of Maine for his summer vacation near the fishing grounds of the Morgan partners, the preparations for involving the United States in the next world war have passed beyond their preliminary stage. In spite of his carefully staged hysterics against private bankers, President Roosevelt did his best to scotch any neutrality legislation whatever, and, having failed to extract all the teeth from the measures devised by the munitions Senators, he turned the State Department loose on Russia. Here, it was discovered, a system known as Communism has come into existence and is threatening to destroy the British Empire and all its Dominions, including the United States of America. For that reason, Secretary Hull, ably coached by his Roman Catholic adviser on Russian affairs, dispatched a sharp note of protest to the one nation that has demonstrated that love of peace and love of private property do not always go hand in hand.

Specifically, what the recent events in Washington and on the world stage mean is that the Roosevelt Administration is not only committing the United States to support British interests, it is positively making advances to Great Britain. The President's promise of a 'breathing spell' for business may sound harmless and even hopeful at home; abroad it means that he has abandoned his previous pretense of pursuing an independent national policy. For the Bank of England and its Wall

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Street affiliates are making a determined drive, regardless of political considerations, to restore the international gold standard and to work more closely with Nazi Germany. Mr. Montagu Norman's previous record is well summarized by the *New Statesman and Nation* of London:—

> The return of this country to the gold standard inevitably provoked the General Strike of 1926. The Young Plan of 1929, with its elaborate scheme for the economic enslavement of Germany for a period of sixty years, collapsed within a few months of its inception, owing to the failure to take into account the political reaction in Germany, which took the form of Dr. Schacht's alliance with the Nazi heavy-industry faction to overthrow the Centre Government. The 'purely financial' assistance that Mr. Montagu Norman extended to the Austrian Credit-Anstalt in the spring of 1931 was the first link in the chain of events that provoked French political-financial aggression, the British departure from the gold standard, and the formation of the so-called National Government. It is difficult to believe that financial action of such major importance as a return to stabilized exchange conditions on some form of gold standard would not be attended by equally important results in the sphere of world politics.

As the same paper goes on to say:—

> The Bank for International Settlements, which was created in Paris in 1929 as part of the abortive Young Plan, was in essence a grandiose Norman-Morgan project for the establishment of big bankers' control of economic affairs in Europe. This dream was not realized for several reasons, notably the French refusal to collaborate and, later, the British departure from the gold standard in spite of Mr. Norman's extravagantly costly efforts to keep on it. Nevertheless—although the B. I. S., which is at present still located in Basel and not, as Mr. Norman had originally hoped, in London—has so far functioned only in minor spheres, its organization has remained intact. Further, unlike the Council of the League of Nations, for instance, its Board is a thoroughly representative international body in which the United States, Germany, and Japan are all included.

Meanwhile, the international economic conference of Chambers of Commerce has passed a resolution calling for currency stabilization. The Bank of England wants it. Walter Lippmann has spoken eloquently on the subject—pro and con. It is no secret that the forces generally known as international high finance agree that the currencies of the chief nations should return to the gold standard. What is less well known is the particular tie-up between Morgan's and the British Government, and on this subject we give the floor to Claud Cockburn, former New York correspondent of the London *Times* and now editor of *The Week*, who has unearthed the following report from an 'impeccable source' that is 'in this instance peculiarly well placed.' His story runs as follows:—

> When the Nye Committee got into the Morgan offices, they were expecting to find plenty of 'dirt' about the firm of Morgan. Less banal to their eyes was the discovery of certain documents vividly bearing on the relations between the said firm and, on the one hand, the British Government and, on the other, Sir Henri Deterding, of the Royal Dutch Shell Petroleum Co.

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> Owing to the notoriously public character—public, that is to say, so far as the agents of the British Government are concerned—of the letter service between the United States and Britain, our correspondent has so far been unable to supply us satisfactorily with details of the documents discovered. In the limited and unsatisfactory language of the codes necessary on such occasions, it has however already been made clear that the finds in Wall Street were of a character highly disturbing to a Government which would be extremely embarrassed by the public revelation of such facts as: (1) the supply of petrol to the Hitler air force and army by the Royal Dutch; (2) the rôle played by the Royal Dutch in the recent alteration of the German motorcar taxation regulations and in the building of the newest German motor roads, generally recognized by experts as of profound strategic importance.

To be continued (perhaps) in the hearings of the Nye Committee.

PROFESSOR FREDERICK SODDY, winner of the Nobel Prize in chemistry and advocate of currency reform, has brought both his scientific and political talents to bear on the subject of gas warfare. Interviewed by the *News Chronicle* of London, he called the methods that the National Government has recommended to ward off gas attacks 'childish and puerile' and has declared that larger towns could not be protected from airplane attacks. He recommends an international understanding among scientists as the best guarantee against destruction:—

> It is amazing to me how scientists are excluded from any key positions in public affairs unless it is known in advance that they can be relied upon to bomb their own mothers and get a decoration for it. Among the rank and file of scientists there is as great a horror of the perversion of science to warlike purposes as there is among the general public.
>
> The resources of science are already sufficient to destroy civilization, and it is sheer folly for scientists to go on with their researches unless they have some guarantee that they, and not the old type of ruler, are to be in charge of the uses that are made of it.

After making his favorite point that governments do not know that the world has emerged from the age of scarcity, he says:—

> I am convinced that until some realization of this change is represented in politics and government, there is no real solution to the problem of war and internal social dissension. It is hard to make the public realize that, but for vested interests, which have grown to be so immense, science could solve all these difficult problems. It is a ghastly reflection, both on the public and the Government, that they seem less concerned with what science is able to do to uplift the whole standard of life than with its uses in maintaining the existing state of things.

THE LAVAL GOVERNMENT in France is waging the most stubborn battle that has yet been fought anywhere in behalf of currency deflation and the gold standard. It has put into effect eighty-three separate

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decrees, including 10-per-cent reductions of land-lease and mortgage payments, and it is being urged to guarantee the farmer 100 francs a quintal for his wheat instead of the present price of 50 francs. The Bank of France, which overthrew the Flandin Government, is supporting the program, and the London *Times* paraphrased M. Tannery's lengthy statement of its aims in these words:—

> M. Tannery, Governor of the Bank of France, declared that more money was hoarded in France than in any other country and that the revival of trade depended upon this money going back into circulation. In the economic battle that lay before them this hidden money would play the part of fresh troops whose appearance on the battlefield would be an omen of victory. It would be immaterial whether the hoards were invested in shares or deposited in banks: their reëmergence at this decisive hour would lead to a rapid fall in the price of money. This would in turn result in an appreciable reduction in the overhead charges resting on trade and industry.
>
> In a country as wealthy as France, he continued, dear money was an anomaly. Capital was so abundant that every sound business undertaking ought to be able to find all the credit it needed at low cost. But it was essential to act with prudence and not to hamper the free functioning of the supply-and-demand mechanism. The Bank of France was determined to make even more definite its traditional orientation toward cheap money. Sound business enterprises and banks would find access to its discounting facilities easier than ever.

M. Tannery is counting—as Montagu Norman vainly counted between 1925 and 1931—on a world-wide rise in the price level, but the workers of Brest and Toulon met his proposals with a series of strikes that portend civil war. The Paris correspondent of the *New Leader*, weekly organ of the British Independent Labor Party, asserts that Laval is paving the way for French Fascism but expresses the hope that the history of Germany will not be repeated in France:—

> The present position is too unstable to continue. Laval is failing and will fail more. To Left and Right the forces gather. To the Right the avowed Fascists are mobilizing hopefully. To the Left the People's Front, consisting of Socialists, Communists, and Liberals (known as Radical-Socialists), are uniting against the Fascists. They are preparing to form an alternative government and are looking forward to a victory at the next election.

It goes without saying that a defeat of Fascism in France would give immediate courage to the oppressed classes in all parts of Europe. The French situation also shows that the fate of Europe depends more upon the class struggle within the individual countries than upon the rivalry of hostile capitalist groups.

ETHIOPIA HAS BECOME the subject of so many rumors that are more likely than not to be true that it may be worth while to report a few facts as sensational as most of the surmises. For one thing, Japan's

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interest in Africa and the colored peoples should never be forgotten. Back in 1932, Japanese cotton textiles captured the Ethiopian market, and now the Mitsui interests have obtained 650,000 hectares of land for the purpose of growing cotton. Here, as well as in China (see our later note on the subject), Japanese industry hopes to gain complete independence of America's cotton crop. Nor is Japan the only nation that is working behind the scenes. According to *Lumière*, Radical-Socialist weekly published in Paris, France is supporting Italy behind the scenes just as Japan is supporting Ethiopia. During the Stresa Conference, Ernest Meyer, head of a delegation of French bankers and industrialists, was traveling the length and breadth of Italy with Count Volpi, who is to Mussolini what Thyssen was to Hitler. Finally, Henri de Kérillis, one of the Fascist editors of the *Écho de Paris*, asserted after a recent visit to Mussolini: 'It is probable that Italy will have to appeal, sooner or later, in one form or another, to foreign credit.' England's bankers being too intelligent to tamper with Africa and America's bankers being too timid, the French bankers are said to be preparing to play the part of J. P. Morgan to the Hjalmar Schachts of Italy.

WHILE RADICAL and revolutionary organs still prophesy new outbreaks in Spain before 1935 has run its course, the London *Statist*, most cautious and conservative of financial weeklies, takes a more hopeful view. It acknowledges that disturbed political and economic conditions exist but takes heart in the fact that the Government is refunding its 6-per-cent Gold Treasury bonds at 4 per cent and that a real budget has been drawn up for the first time since 1932. The rescue of the French franc by the American Treasury last May relieved the Spanish peseta and dispelled fears of immediate and drastic devaluation although the currency went off the gold standard long ago and now fluctuates in sympathy with the pound sterling. Bank deposits have increased slightly during the past year, and timid Spanish capital has come home again. Most encouraging of all is the economic situation as a whole. Commercial activity rose from 100 in 1926 to 102.8 in 1933 and 113.9 in 1934. Commercial activity has gone forward slightly, and wholesale prices advanced less than 5 per cent during the past year. Judging from American precedent, the most alarming symptom right now is the Government's promise to reduce the present deficit by 1936. That is the stuff of which revolutions are made.

THE ASSASSINATION of the Albanian General Ghilardi while he was riding in a carriage beside King Zog draws attention to the likelihood of further trouble at Italy's doorstep if the Duce continues his Ethiopian campaign. According to reports from London, General Ghilardi threw

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himself in the path of a bullet aimed at his sovereign, but the official Albanian verdict is that he fell victim to a local revolt in the Fieri district of southern Albania. In any event, the existence of a powerful insurrectionary movement in Albania is now confirmed and the strength of King Zog's régime—a virtual Italian protectorate—thrown open to question. At first glance, Yugoslavia might appear to be the villain of the piece since Belgrade has for years resented and suspected Italy's activities in Albania. But Rome and Belgrade have patched up their differences, and Italy is collaborating with the Little Entente in Central Europe, this being the price Mussolini agreed to pay Laval last January in exchange for a free hand in Abyssinia. Also the revolt against King Zog did not originate near the northern Yugoslav frontier but near the southern Greek frontier. As we have repeatedly pointed out here, Greece has again become the chief centre of British intrigue in the Balkans, and, now that Italy's Mediterranean ambitions have begun to cause real alarm in London, the most efficient Secret Service in the world can be counted upon to strike back at a spot that is literally, as well as figuratively, close to Italy's Achilles heel.

BUT THE EUROPEAN repercussions of Mussolini's African campaign are not confined to Albania. Austria remains the keystone of European peace, and those alarmists who foresee war in Europe coinciding with war in Africa predict a second Nazi putsch in Vienna at any moment. Certainly the Schuschnigg régime does not enjoy the support of more than fifteen per cent of the population, and, other things being equal, Austria would be the first place that Hitler would choose to strike. The 'other things,' however, include the plans and ambitions of Great Britain, which has no desire for war in Europe but which would not object to some excitement in Lithuania. British officials protested when the Lithuanian courts sentenced four Nazi conspirators to jail last March, and the recent naval agreement with Germany is designed to enable the Third Reich to blockade the Soviet Union in the Baltic. *Izvestia*, official daily of the Soviet Government, announces that batteries have been built in Kronstadt capable of pouring 'such a stream of artillery fire that the armored sides of the enemy fleet will melt away and the ships will fall apart and sink.' The Russians also hope that their own fleet may have access to the ports of the Baltic nations: hence Germany's desire to take Lithuania into her camp. Sir Samuel Hoare, Britain's new Foreign Minister and former head of the British Military Intelligence Service in Russia, has a long record of anti-Bolshevist activity and can be counted on to support Hitler to the hilt in this part of the world. The only possible hitch seems to be the growing revolutionary sentiment among the peasants and workers of Eastern Europe.

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THE ABSTENTION of more than half the voters in Poland from the recent elections shows how weak the position of the Government is in one of the nations generally counted on to oppose the Kremlin and support Hitler and Downing Street. In both Poland and Rumania, the peasants are beginning to draw unfavorable comparisons between their own prospects and those of the collectivized Russian and Ukrainian peasants across the Soviet frontier. The growing prestige of the Soviet system has even modified Polish foreign policy to such an extent that anti-Polish demonstrations in Russia take more violent form than anti-Russian demonstrations in Poland. Foreign Minister Beck still cultivates the good will of France and is as reluctant to commit Poland to the German alliance as Laval is to commit France to the Soviet alliance. Meanwhile, he is trying to strengthen both his own and Hitler's forces to the north by visiting Helsingfors, where the anti-Communist Government of Finland maintains its non-aggression pact with Moscow but refuses to enter a Baltic alliance with Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. According to the semi-official *Temps*, Colonel Beck attempted to win over all the Baltic to the Polish-German camp and hoped, through Finland, to bring Sweden into the same general alignment. Speaking before the Polish Club of Helsingfors, he exclaimed: 'Poland, Finland, and Germany remain united in the face of the Russian danger.'

But, whereas the *Temps* prophesies that a Baltic bloc headed by Germany and pointed against the Soviet Union will not come into existence, the *Berliner Tageblatt* not only gives such a bloc its blessing but points out that Polish diplomacy is equally active at the other extremity of Eastern Europe—Bulgaria. The Polish Minister of Culture and a prominent Polish general have both been visiting Sofia lately. But here, too, peasant discontent runs high—higher, perhaps, than in any other European country. Although the outer world hears little about this internal discontent, it is one of the chief causes of the frenzied diplomatic activity and preparations for war now under way in the countries most friendly to Hitler's Germany.

THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL Russian harvest goes far toward accounting for the recent increase of Soviet prestige in outlying territories. Thanks in part to exceptionally favorable natural conditions and in part to two important new pieces of farm legislation, Soviet agriculture has enjoyed a banner year. One of these laws has defined for the first time since the Revolution of October, 1917, exactly how much land and private property the individual peasant can claim as his own and not run the risk of being classified as a kulak. The second law provides for renunciation by the State of its claim to certain payments in kind that were still owing. Although this does not actually involve a great sacrifice,

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it has increased the popularity of the Government in rural districts. But the successful harvest is having an unfortunate effect upon prices, not unfamiliar to capitalist nations. The Russians hope to be able to stabilize the paper or domestic ruble, which now corresponds roughly to the 'rubber dollar' of 1933, at the flat rate of ten to the gold ruble, just as Roosevelt finally stabilized the 'rubber dollar' at 59¢, gold. Unfortunately, however, the peasants are now about to throw a large quantity of grain upon the market, and, if the Government buys it all, an enormous quantity of paper rubles will have to be printed and distributed to the villages. Industrial production, on the other hand, has not gone forward so rapidly, which means that the Soviet Union may find its agriculture, industry, and currency in a condition of unbalance. In any case, it seems certain that the peasants, by reason of their increased harvest, will play an increasingly important part in the whole Soviet economy.

JAPAN'S ATTEMPT to develop a cotton empire of its own in the Far East bids fair to become one of the outstanding factors in Roosevelt's 1936 campaign. The United States grows about 13 million bales of cotton a year and exports about 7 million, of which Japan buys nearly 2 million, Germany and England taking less than 1½ million bales each. Now Japan will plant 2 million acres of cotton next year in five Chinese provinces—Hopei, Shantung, Kiangsu, Honan, and Shansi. Already China produces 2 million bales of cotton a year and next year is expected to produce 3 million bales, not including those areas enumerated above, where the Japanese are distributing cottonseed free of charge. What has made this scheme possible is Japan's military conquest of North China and Manchuria, where the best land for cultivating cotton lies. Needless to say, British propagandists, eager to involve the United States in war with Japan, have a Heaven-sent opportunity here. Roosevelt depends on the home of King Cotton for reëlection and is not likely to let American control of half the cotton markets of the world pass into Japanese hands without a challenge. The fact that Japanese capital must subdue China by force of arms before undertaking the economic conquest of our Southern States supplies the necessary moral impetus for the next crusade to make the world safe for democracy.

HAROLD R. ISAACS, the young American newspaper man whose *China Forum* championed the Communist gospel according to Trotski, not Stalin, in China, has returned to the United States by way of Great Britain. On his way he left an article with the *New Leader* of London, calling attention to the reign of terror that General Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang régime has established for the past seven years. He says

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that 100,000 is a 'conservative estimate' of the number of people who have been executed, and he draws special attention to the systematic torture of political prisoners, who receive worse treatment than criminals. Possession of a copy of Upton Sinclair's *Jungle* is the equivalent of a death certificate, and support of organized labor is identical with Communism and therefore punishable by death. Hundreds of young writers have been executed for writing realistic descriptions of Chinese peasant life, and many of the political ring-leaders have been killed. The British-controlled Shanghai Municipal Police make it their business to discover revolutionaries in the International Settlement and turn them over to the tender mercies of the Kuomintang authorities.

JUST AS the Morgan loans to the Allied Powers gave America a growing stake in the Allied cause twenty years ago, so to-day Pan American Airways, organized by the son-in-law of one Morgan partner and aided by the technical flights of another, is developing a stake in the Far East that threatens to involve the country in war in that quarter. At present, the bone of dissension is the matter of establishing Asiatic bases for the Pan-America trans-Pacific line. According to the United States postal officials, the Chinese, having refused to let the Japanese land their planes at Canton, are withholding the same privilege from the Americans for fear of antagonizing the Japanese. For the Japanese have watched America's expanding aviation service with the same concern that England has watched Germany's air armaments. Like England, Japan depends for its security upon control of the seas, and the development of the airplane has upset the calculations of the naval experts. The *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, a staunch upholder of American rights in the Orient, comments as follows:—

> The fact that United States airplane manufacturers have been supplying the Chinese Government with a steady stream of airplanes, many of them suitable for warfare, has been a subject of frequent unfavorable comment in Japan. Now that the American tie, aërially speaking, with China is to be strengthened by the opening of an American-owned trans-Pacific airline, the Japanese opposition to American enterprise has taken the form of putting pressure on the Chinese to put obstacles in the American path. To use a characteristic slang expression, the Japanese have got the Chinese 'buffaloed.' If Americans do not mind their 'p's' and 'q's,' they will run a great risk of finding themselves in a similar position.

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The following group includes an account of the struggle for oil in Arabia, an estimate of the strengths of Italy and Great Britain, a report of Spanish and Portuguese uneasiness, a prophecy of financial ruin for Italy, a survey of the law governing the Suez Canal, and a description of the Canal zone to-day.

ROME'S Road *to* EMPIRE

War Clouds over the Mediterranean

I. Oil in the Arabian Desert

By W. N. Ewer

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

PRINCE FAISAL of Arabia and Fuad Bey Hamza, his father's Foreign Minister, have gone home. Their visit was a great success. Relations between the British Empire and Saudi Arabia are very cordial. But there has been no settlement of a very troublesome dispute. King Ibn Saud and the British Government are, and have for some time been, at loggerheads over the ownership of some hundreds of square miles of sandy desert—completely barren, uninhabited except for the occasional visits of nomadic tribes. Nevertheless, the Arabian King is very stubborn in his claim that this desert patch is in his dominions. And the British Government is equally stubborn in its claim that the patch rightly belongs to the British-protected princes, whose tiny 'states' lie dotted along the Trucial Coast of the Persian Gulf.

Why should there be any quarrel over such an undesirable freehold property, across which no one has ever troubled to mark out a boundary? Why has it become as coveted as Naboth's vineyard? The answer is to be found in a single syllable—oil.

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We are not quarreling over the sands of the desert. We are quarreling over the oilfield that may—or may not—lie beneath. There is oil across the Gulf in Southern Persia. There is oil in Kuwait at the head of the Gulf. There is oil in the Bahrein Islands, a little way up the coast. Likely enough, the geologists say, there is oil under the desert lands of Hasa and under the desert lands behind the Trucial Coast. Anyway, the chances are good enough for big oil companies to be very interested, for governments to be very interested.

For Ibn Saud, profitable oilfields, yielding in royalties a substantial revenue to his treasury, bringing foreign money into the country, would change the whole financial face of things. His desert kingdom is very, very poor. The King's revenue, the government resources, the external trade of Saudi Arabia, all depend almost wholly on the Mecca pilgrimage—a precarious enough source. The prospect of oil in the eastern part of his dominion, where the Arabian deserts come down to the Persian Gulf, was therefore a splendid one for Ibn Saud.

But here, as everywhere else round the fringes of his kingdom, he found himself in contact with the British Empire. There is not in all the Gulf any British territory. But all along its shores there has been, since the eighteenth century, a sometimes vague, sometimes very definite assertion of a British protectorate over the scattered coast villages and principalities, which never knew any effective overlordship either from Turk or Persian. It was in chase of pirates that the British warships first came up the Gulf in 1775 or thereabouts. But it was fear of Napoleon and his possible designs on India that brought the first treaty with the Sultan of Masqat and the first British fort on Arabian shores. Through the nineteenth century fear of the French, fear of the Russians, fear of the Germans kept British and Indian diplomacy very busy in the Gulf.

Kuwait, the Bahrein Islands, Oman all became definitely British protectorates. Who remembers now that in 1898 we came pretty near to war with France because a French consul in a gunboat turned up at Masqat to arrange about a coal depot for the French navy? In between Bahrein and Oman, the little piratical villages were forced to abandon their ancestral trade and to take instead to pearl fishing. The 'Pirate Coast' became the 'Trucial Coast' under British protection and control.

Had there been no word of oil, this arrangement might have gone on quite happily. Ibn Saud, having made himself lord of Arabia, had no reason to be worried if the British chose to police the Gulf and to ensure the good behavior of the one-time pirates. If he had his grievance against the British, it was on the other side.

Up at the top of the Red Sea lies the port of Aqaba. It and the railway station of Maan had been recognized as part of the Hejaz. But when Ibn Saud conquered the Hejaz and drove King Hussein into exile, the British, though professedly neutral, had nipped in, occupied Aqaba and Maan and annexed them to Transjordan.

That Ibn Saud has neither forgotten nor forgiven. He shrugged his shoulders, knowing he could do nothing. But he still maintains that legally Aqaba and Maan are his, the British occupation lawless and forcible. Also,

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all the rolling stock of the Hejaz Railway, which runs down to Medina, was taken. Ibn Saud's one and only railway is useless. He has neither engines nor trucks. Nor can he afford to buy them abroad.

He has had, then, his troubles with his big neighbor. But they were all more or less settled for practical purposes by the Treaty of Jeddah, which the King and Sir Gilbert Clayton signed in 1927. It fixed the boundaries of Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Transjordan, and Kuwait. The Treaty expired last year and now runs on, subject to six months' notice. Both sides want it renewed for a good long period. And now comes up the oil question.

There is also a little matter of emergency-landing facilities for British airliners on the Arabian shore of the Gulf. But that is not very vexing. The oil is the real trouble.

II

Right back in 1922 Ibn Saud gave a concession to a British group to prospect for oil in Hasa. The same group got the concession for Bahrein. But they decided it was valueless. They sold the Bahrein rights to an American group and let the Hasa concession lapse. The Americans sold the Bahrein rights to Standard Oil of California. And, to the chagrin of the British oil companies, Standard proved that Bahrein was a good proposition.

Negotiations began again for Hasa. The Iraq Petroleum Company and Standard of California bid against each other. The Standard offer was infinitely better. Ibn Saud closed with it and made a deal that gives Standard of California the right to bore for oil in all his territory from Kuwait to Oman. By carelessness and underbidding the whole of what might be a very valuable oilfield had been allowed to go to the Americans.

Only one bit of it might still be saved—the area lying at the back of the Trucial Coast. Two steps were needed. First, the rulers of the tiny village-states were induced to sign treaties by which they agreed not to grant oil concessions to anybody without the permission and approval of the British Government. Second, Ibn Saud was notified that the British Government regarded the territory of these states as extending some fifty miles inland. In support of the claim Anglo-Turkish treaties of 1913 and 1914 were adduced.

The King was furious. The treaties, he retorted, had never been ratified. And, in any case, the Sultan had neither right nor power to sign away territory which he, Ibn Saud, had already conquered from the Turks. The territory of the coastal states, he claimed, was strictly limited to the coast itself and the narrow strip of settled land behind each village. All the desert hinterland, only entered by tribesmen owing him allegiance, was his.

The tribesmen, said the British, were not really under Ibn Saud's control at all. Anyway, the fact that they occasionally rode across the ground did not give them rights over it. That was a principle already agreed with regard to the northern boundaries. And there the matter, after several months of negotiation, still rests.

Before the big oil interests began to cast covetous and rival eyes on this bit of sand, nobody knew or cared who 'owned' it. Now it has become the subject of a grave international dis-

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pute. Fortunately, everybody is, at the moment, being sane enough. Ibn Saud knows that he cannot afford to quarrel with Great Britain. The British Government realizes that it would be madness to make of Ibn Saud a bitter and relentless enemy. Negotiation has been going on quietly and calmly. But so far nothing has come of it, though each side has made quite considerable concessions from its original claim.

And in their hearts the Arabs are as bitter as Naboth. Ibn Saud, having for the second time seen for himself the wealth and power of the British Empire, has gone home wondering why such an Empire with such resources should grudge to his poor country an asset that for the one means little or nothing, for the other means, probably enough, the whole difference between penury and prosperity.

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II. Between Suez and Gibraltar

By Severns

Translated from the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, Munich National-Socialist Daily

'We against the world, and the world against us; peace only with England'—this was once a popular saying in Spain in the days when that nation was still strong. Spain's attempt to overthrow the rising England was in vain. The same saying, though in the opposite sense, has been the dominant leitmotif of Sardinian policy ever since the unification of the Italian kingdom—indeed, before. Ties with England were then regarded as the best possible guarantee of a peaceful and independent development of Italy: the situation was very clear to the Italians. In the nineteenth century, England was the undisputed master of the Mediterranean, and, as is not the case to-day, nothing could happen there against her wishes.

But England also had a strong interest in the strengthening of Italy. One must not forget that Mediterranean politics in the nineteenth century were dominated by frequent clashes between France and England. France constantly sought to get the Sea for herself, and England repeatedly defeated this attempt. Moreover, England always had the good fortune to come away from each conflict with new conquests.

England was therefore bound to welcome the gradual development of Italy into a Mediterranean Power whose interests conflicted with France's and who, weak as she was, served at least to ward off France while seeking eventually to take her place. England could always be certain of Italy's support.

But England never needed to avail herself of Italy. Until the War their relations were as follows: Italy by its geographical position and its economic structure seemed predestined to be a satellite of England in world political conflicts. The English Mediterranean fleet could swiftly inflict dangerous wounds on the exposed body of Italy, with its great coastal cities. Ultimately, it could threaten Italy with a blockade, especially if Italy at the same time engaged in a conflict with

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France. This dependence on England was so obvious that Italy considered herself a member of the Triple Entente only so long as England was a silent partner in it. With the shattering of the German-English understanding Italy stepped out of the Triple Entente.

II

After the War, this one-sided relation between England and Italy did not seem at first to change. Fascism placed the greatest emphasis on maintaining good relations with England and on improving them still further, whereas the first years of Fascist foreign policy were dominated by a clear opposition to France. In time, however, Italy erected a network of cultural and economic propaganda in Egypt and Asia Minor. Palestine also became an object of interest second only to Egypt. There Fascist Italy attempted to assume a double rôle—on the one hand, by stepping into the old position of France as protector of Asia Minor and, on the other, by coming closer to the Zionists in Palestine. At the same time she sought to establish friendly relations with Islam in order to lead it against the Negus of Abyssinia. This juggling with the three centres of power in Asia Minor naturally demanded great elasticity—the main characteristic of Fascist foreign policy.

Although these efforts were, so to speak, merely ditches dug in expectation of future streams at present dry, Italy hoped to gain a position of power in the Mediterranean in a more concrete way. She wanted to proceed as a conqueror, but for this purpose only Tripoli and Turkey were available. Tripoli, which had been previously only a nominal possession, was conquered. But penetration of a territory of little value could not recompense Italy for the rebuff of all her attempts to win Anatolia. As junior partner, Rome therefore asked England to entrust her with certain tasks that would enable her to penetrate the territory of the English world-empire. Fascist Italy clearly emphasized that she viewed this partnership as historically determined and necessary and that she was ready to come to terms. But England listened for many years to her proposals without making any reply.

The only thing Italy attained by her Mediterranean policy—aside from the penetration of Libya—was good relations with Egypt. Fascism emphasized its good will toward the Egyptian Nationalist movement; it acted cautiously so as not to provoke England. But Anglo-Italian relations became a problem only when, in 1933, Italy began to develop political activity in the Red Sea region. There, so the English believe, Rome supported the small Arabian seacoast state of Yemen against Ibn Saud. England had, and still has, the greatest interest in seeing that no obstacle arises in her channels of communication with India. Above all, the phantom of Pan-Islamism must not suddenly assume material form through attacks on the strongest Arabian state. Italy was supposed to have sinned against this vital law of the British Empire, but the affair seemed to have been settled by the collapse of Yemen—although a certain irritability remained as a result of the polemics carried on in Italian and English newspapers.

The new Anglo-Italian tension differs from the old in that the entire

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problem has been deliberately brought about by the Italians. Until now good relations with England were still an unexpressed dogma of Fascist foreign policy, but during the last few weeks Italian newspapers have openly decried and ridiculed this dogma. They assert that Italy's dependence on England's Mediterranean supremacy no longer exists now that the development of aviation and the great expansion of the Italian air fleet have created a completely new situation. To-day England is at least as dependent on Italy as Italy is on England. Malta, for example, could be destroyed in two hours by Italian airships. What in previous years was the modest proposal of a rising entrepreneur to be allowed to participate in the trade of a well-established business man has now suddenly become an historically justified demand. England's position in the Mediterranean is only a relic. This Italian viewpoint is supported by the idea of the *Mare Latinum*—Franco-Italian collaboration in the Mediterranean with its spearhead necessarily pointing at England.

III

But what are the actual relations of power in the Mediterranean? Is it true that the development of the air weapon has changed this relation in Italy's favor? Any such assertion must be denied, and not upon the ground of marine and aëronautical considerations—such as whether an Italian attack on the Suez Canal or upon Cyprus and Malta could be successful. What finally decides this question in the negative is the fact that both Powers stand to lose in the conflict. Malta could indeed be leveled to the ground in a few hours, but first Palermo, Naples, and even Rome itself would have become heaps of ashes. In other words, Italy itself is at stake in such a conflict; England could lose only certain instruments of power in the Mediterranean.

Malta, it is true, could not be held, but Malta would, so to speak, be shot at Italy like a bomb. Even if the bomb should explode into atoms, it would fulfill its destructive purpose. Furthermore, it is all the more difficult to attack the English route—Alexandria, Suez Canal, and Palestine—because during the last few years not only Singapore has been built up at a rapid tempo but the Palestinian port of Haifa has become one of the strongest military harbors in the world. If the construction of the latter has not attracted as much world interest as Singapore has, this could not but be agreeable to the English.

IV

The political aspect of the affair is much more complicated. When Italy first became active in the Red Sea, a member of the English Admiralty called it the 'bronchial cancer of the Empire.' The expression is very apt, for any activity of a third Power in this region, even if it does not at first seem to be directed against England, must threaten this vital communication route with decay and stagnation. This could be effected in many ways. If Italy's attack on Abyssinia succeeds, Italy could build an East African colonial empire that will necessarily extend across the Red Sea. But, for reasons of Abyssinian domestic politics, this new Italian empire would also need to engage in a strongly

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pro-Islamic policy in addition to supporting the Egyptian Nationalists. But, even if these possibilities should not all be realized, the mere scratching in the windpipe of the British Empire would be very serious. Conflicts which for decades have been postponed with great shrewdness—for example, that with Japan or with Islam—could suddenly be ripened by the acts of Italy.

But the purely military superiority that England may still retain in the Mediterranean only makes the activity of a stubborn and expanding Power there all the more disquieting. In the last decades England has built four different protective lines from east to west, the farthest away being Hong Kong, the second Singapore, which must be held with the help of Holland, the third Aden, and the closest Haifa, Port Said, and Alexandria. This entire defensive structure would be destroyed if between the innermost and the next line or even in front of the innermost line a Power should establish itself and ruthlessly develop its own policies.

All these things (which, to put it cautiously, make Anglo-Italian relations rather interesting) have been foreseen by the English in their traditional manner. England does not content herself with the fortification of Haifa or with the repulsion of Italian culture in favor of Maltese culture in Malta. The great importance England attaches to maintaining peace in the Red Sea was clearly shown by the remarkable offer she made to reimburse Italy with English possessions in order to avoid a war with Abyssinia. But this proposal Italy could not accept because to do so would again postpone the decision Italy wants. According to Italian views, if Abyssinia had a free passage to the sea, she would be strengthened and made the more able to defend herself against an attack now postponed by English mediation. So events will take their course.

III. Spain, Portugal, and the Abyssinian Conflict

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

AMONG the nations which believe that they will be involved in a possible Italian-Abyssinian war Spain and Portugal must undoubtedly be reckoned. In both countries precautionary measures are being taken—as far as it is possible to take them—for the preservation of unconditional neutrality. Spain is strengthening her garrisons at Gibraltar, as well as her troops on the Balearic Islands, while Portugal repeatedly proclaims her firm determination to preserve her colonial possessions intact. Now what is the basis for this almost incomprehensible hurry to stress self-defense, and exactly why are these defensive measures being taken?

The answer is that both the Spanish and the Portuguese Foreign Ministries have an extraordinary fear of future Anglo-Italian estrangement and try to prevent it in every possible way. For, in case war should break out between Italy and Britain, their countries could very easily become a battle-

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ground for conflicting interests. In the early post-war years Spanish foreign policy was devoted to playing a conciliatory rôle in the Franco-Italian quarrel over the Mediterranean, and in Spanish military circles the problem was often discussed as to whether the Balearic Islands, if captured by an imaginary enemy, would serve as an obstacle to troop transports from Africa. The fact that for many years the fear of espionage has thrown a thick veil about everything connected with the Balearic Islands and their fortifications is strong proof of their importance.

Franco-Italian enmity disappeared (though for very different reasons than the Spanish at first believed), and with it went the chief concern of Spanish foreign policy . . . only to return quite unexpectedly and in a much altered and more dangerous form: British-Italian enmity. British interests are firmly anchored in the Iberian Peninsula. We need only point to the fact that many British citizens live on the Balearic Islands and that, for over a hundred years, the communication route from Gibraltar to Malta has been the decisive factor in Mediterranean politics. At a time when England will want to increase her strength, it is very important for Spain to show her desire and her capacity for the most rigorous armed neutrality. A powerful clique in contemporary Spanish domestic politics has its eyes more upon authoritarian Italy than (as was customary up to now) upon France, and it is perhaps this sympathy also that, since the War Minister Gil Robles has come into office, will play a part on the darkening political horizon. Spain wants to emphasize, by its preparations, that it has remained free and uninfluenced and will continue to do so.

II

The foreign political activity of Portugal has another motive, for friendship with England is its guiding policy. Portugal has a zealous agent in the person of its Foreign Minister, Monteiro, who at the last Council session of the League contributed not a little to preventing the break that might actually have occurred at the time. Portugal assumed the rôle of defender of the peace when she signed the latest anti-war pact. And she was finally compelled to heed rumors to the effect that Italy was to be indemnified with Portuguese colonies in Africa in place of Abyssinia.

Like Holland and Belgium, Portugal is preëminently a colonial empire, and for this reason she is in a very ticklish position in the present dispute. The talk of the 'black peril' holds good for Portugal, too, with the tropical and excitable population of her African possessions. Even during the World War, struggles shifted rapidly from the German colonies to the Portuguese colonies, and the Government in Lisbon must have viewed with growing uneasiness the participation of its often very unreliable black subjects in a war against whites.

To-day it is reported that the Negroes in Mozambique have adopted the slogan of the Negus: 'Our color is our flag,' and that the few Portuguese troops who are there have to keep sharp watch to preserve peace and order. The first world-wide consequences of the Abyssinian conflict are already beginning to appear on the horizon.

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IV. Rome on the Road to Ruin

An Editorial

Translated from *Giustizia e Libertà*, Paris Anti-Fascist Weekly

MANY are the people, both in Italy and elsewhere, who are asking where the Fascist Government will ever find the funds necessary to meet the gigantic costs of the Abyssinian war. This is a mystery which no one is able to unravel. We shall endeavor to penetrate it.

Because of the enormous difficulty it presents, and also because of the manner in which Fascism proposes to conduct it, the war cannot be compared to an ordinary colonial war, nor to any colonial war which has occurred in this part of the world in the last four hundred years. Rather should the war against Abyssinia be compared to a great war on the European front.

This statement is confirmed by the mobilization that has already been undertaken. We already have one million men under arms. This number will undoubtedly be augmented by the calling up of one or two other classes. Already ten divisions have been assigned to Africa, more than the whole of the home army. And this number is to be doubled. 150,000 soldiers and 40,000 young workmen have already been concentrated in Eritrea and Somaliland. The indiscretions of Italian officials, confirmed by the unanimous reports of newspaper correspondents and by the estimates of military experts, make it certain that the Fascist Government will not begin the campaign before it has from 300,000 to 400,000 men in Africa.

It is, then, a question of formidable numbers. Never has any army operating in a colony approached such a figure.

Four hundred thousand men! Equal to the effectives of the Italian army at the front in May, 1915. But with this difference: that, where in the European war our front-line army, placed, so to speak, at our own door, was nourished by the most productive region in Italy, in the African war the enormous expeditionary force will operate at a distance of from four to six thousand kilometres from home and in territory barren of all resources.

It is therefore no exaggeration to estimate that the cost of assuring provisions of food and materials of all sorts at such a great distance will be almost double. It is as if we had to maintain on the Italian front an army not of four hundred but eight hundred thousand men—such an army as we had at the front in 1918. Anyone who knows what this means cannot fail to be alarmed at the prospect.

II

On the financial plane it is impossible to make any comparison whatever with the previous colonial wars, which cost respectively four billion lire (Eritrea) and eight billion lire (Libya). The only possible comparison is with the War of 1915 to 1918. How much did that war cost? It cost between 20 and 25 billions a year. And this does

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not take into account the additional 15 billions a year that the Allies supplied and of which we repaid only a very small part.

Twenty-five to thirty billions! That, then, is the minimum probable cost of the war against Abyssinia, always assuming that the war will wind up quickly—say by March, 1936. If the war should last until the winter of 1937, it would mean chaos and downright catastrophe.

It is clear, then, that the Fascist Government is counting on a quick campaign. Otherwise its gigantic preparations would make no sense. If after a few months it has not attained a decisive victory, it will be obliged to seek, with the help of the other Powers, a compromise. (And if it suffers defeat—but why epilogize?)

Let us, however, take the most favorable figure, the minimum figure for a brief and victorious campaign: 25 to 30 billion lire. This is already an astronomical figure. Where can one find 25 to 30 billions in Italy? Internal Italian balances amount to about 18 billions; the total national income does not amount to 60 billions a year, and of this more than 20 billions are already consumed by the State. Let us take a still more significant figure: 25 to 30 billions is the total cost of all of the public works undertaken in the whole twelve years of the Fascist régime (and not yet completely paid for)!

What monstrous folly to spend such a sum to kill off the Abyssinians and conquer a land which, when it has once been conquered and the years of 'pacification' are over, will require gigantic capital investments if it is to be colonized. At best, one thing is certain: that the Italian people will give their blood and money for the war, while the English and French capitalists will gather the fruits.

III

But let us return to the question: where and how will the Fascist Government find the 25 or 30 billions? Exclusive of foreign financing, which is absolutely out of the question, there remain three methods of financing this and all other wars: a) taxes; b) loans, both short- and long-term; c) inflation—which is both a tax and a hidden loan.

An increase in the taxes is unthinkable. Fiscal pressure already exceeds 30 per cent, and the tax returns have been decreasing for several years. There remain loans and inflation. The Fascist Government will be forced to resort, indeed is already resorting, to the classical expedient of war-time issues of treasury bonds, forced investments in state paper of various sorts, loans, deferring the payments of state obligations, requisitioning private credit, withdrawal of silver currency, and so on. There will also come forced requisitions during the campaigns. But, whatever the expedients may be, it is even less likely that the Fascist Government will be able to find on the Italian market 25 to 30 billion lire of new capital than it is likely that the few savings that exist will flow into industrial employment and commercial speculation. In large part the new debts will go around in a circle: people will withdraw bank deposits in order to buy state bonds, and the banks will discount commercial paper and state bonds at the bank of issue. At most, the Fascist Government will be able to draw out 4 or 5

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billions of new capital in a year. Where to find the other 20 billions?

The other necessary billions the Fascist Government will be able to procure in only one way: by inflation, that is, by the increase, slow at first, then more and more rapid, of the circulation of money and credit.

But it is not easy, even for a Government without scruples, to procure such gigantic means through inflation. Inflation is a two-edged sword. Easy to employ at first, it turns upon its user in the end, because as more and more paper money is issued it loses its value, and the time comes when the loss of value (that is to say the loss of purchasing power) becomes so rapid that it anticipates the issue. Such was the case in Austria in 1921 and in Germany in 1923. Keynes calculates that the Bolshevists succeeded in raising about 15 billions by inflation. In the end the old ruble was worth scarcely anything. The same thing will happen to the lira if the war ends unfavorably or is prolonged more than a few months. If, on the other hand, the war lasts only a few months and ends victoriously, perhaps the Fascist Government will be able to hold up. In this case, much will depend on the possibility of interesting foreign capital in the ravishing of Abyssinia in order to get loans. But this can be done only after a decisive victory, something rather difficult to achieve against the wily Abyssinians.

IV

The objection might be raised that, after all, Italy faced the costs of war for three and a half years during the World War and should be able to endure without disaster a colonial war of a few months' duration, however extensive it might be. But the answer is that—to say nothing of the severe crisis that holds the country in its grip, of the serious deficits of recent years, and of the public debt, which has risen to 152 billion lire—Italy to-day lacks an essential element on which she could count in 1915–1918: that is to say, the financial backing of the richest countries in the world.

England made a series of loans amounting to 9½ billion gold lire (or 32 billion paper lire). Between March, 1917, and October, 1918, the United States granted loans of all sorts—amounting to more than 9 billion gold lire. That is to say, about a half of our war costs were supplied by the Allies. Where to-day are there any allies likely to pay even a part of the costs of the Abyssinian war?

Nor is that all. During the World War the rate at which the lira exchanged for dollars and for sterling came to be maintained at an artificial level which was favorable to us: nine lire to the dollar, thirty-two lire to the pound sterling. As soon as this Allied control was relaxed, that is to say in 1919, the exchange rate of the lira skyrocketed. And thence came all the woes that we know.

To-day the lira has depreciated about 20 per cent. The lira is already on a par with the franc, and it is not easy to find a counterpart to this decline. As soon as the war begins, the lira will drop at least 50 per cent, perhaps more, for no one will accept lire. Where will this decline stop? No one can say.

But one thing is certain. As soon as the decline begins, it will be most difficult to arrest it because the devaluation of the lira on the foreign ex-

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change will call for further inflation; and so on.

In conclusion, even if one counts on a rapid victory (which is putting the best possible face on the matter), the African war means for Italy the road to ruin. The billions that we are spending and shall spend on roads, cannon, provisions, soldiers' pay, etc., we shall certainly not get back when the Abyssinian war is over—any more than we got back the far fewer billions spent in Eritrea and Libya. If for the soldiers the war means death, for the Italian economy it means inflation and ruin. Exchange rates, debts, money, prices will rise vertically while the people, upon whom in the end the immense costs of the war will fall, will be forced to reduce still further their already miserable standards of living. And the responsibility for this must be placed squarely at the door of the criminals whose delusions of grandeur and desire for personal power are leading the nation to catastrophe.

V. The Suez Canal

From the *Law Times*, London Legal Weekly

THE signs of the times indicate a possibility that lawyers and statesmen may soon have to consider the position of the Suez Canal in time of war. It is superfluous to say, yet we say it, that we hope that possibility will not mature into reality. As things stand, however, there is an unfortunate possibility of hostilities between two states in which the use of the Suez Canal must be of vital importance. So we turn to the books and treatises to collect what has been said and done about this waterway.

It was constructed in the Palmerston era and opened in 1869, and it is strange now to look back and recall the different views of it—so little in harmony with their general policy—that prominent statesmen expressed in that period. Palmerston, the champion of British influence and prestige abroad, opposed it from the first. He was afraid of the international complications that might follow if a waterway vital to English commerce were constructed by a French company in Turkish, or sub-Turkish, territory. Disraeli himself at first opposed it; while Gladstone, whose critics often blame his want of interest in Imperial England, was generally in favor. Owing to Palmerston's hostility, England gave no help in the construction of the canal. It was made by French genius and with French money.

Then came the meteoric period of the Khedive Ismail; the marvelous extravagance that brought him to bankruptcy; the hawking of his shares in the Suez Canal in Paris; the sudden alertness of Disraeli; the short interview between his secretary and the leading Rothschild, who, when asked for £4,000,000 'to-morrow,' threw the skin of a grape (which he was eating) out of the window and said: 'You shall have it'; Disraeli's triumphant dispatch to the Queen at Balmoral: 'It is just settled; you have it, Madam!' This dispatch was written on the 24th of November, 1875; but like many of that great man's words to his Sovereign, was exaggerated. The British

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Government did not buy, and does not now hold, a controlling interest in the Canal Company's undertaking. The latest figures show that England holds less than half the shares, though her holding, for which Disraeli raised £4,000,000, or thereabouts, in 1875, is now valued at over £80,000,000. The canal is mainly French, and the directorate consists of twenty-one French, ten English and one Dutch directors. So much by way of historical reminiscence, which it is difficult to avoid when one touches on this subject. But for lawyers and public men the legal aspect of the canal is more important.

II

It is not very difficult to explain, for on this matter international agreements have been clear and expressed with a terseness rarely found in the diplomatic world. The Convention of Constantinople was made in October, 1888, by nine Powers—the seven Great Powers, as they used to be called, and also Spain and Holland. It consisted of seventeen articles, and will be found by the industrious reader in De Marten's great collection —the historic repository of all such documents. The canal is to be open, declares the treaty, in time of war as well as in time of peace, to the warships and merchant vessels of all nations. No attempt may be made to restrict its free use, either in time of peace or in time of war. It may never be blockaded. If in a time of war Turkey is a belligerent, no act of war may be done in the canal itself or within three miles of its ports. Belligerent men-of-war must pass through it without delay. Except in case of absolute necessity, no such man-of-war may remain in the canal or its ports beyond twenty-four hours. If one belligerent passes out of it at midday on Monday, no armed vessel of its enemy may leave before midday on Tuesday. Troops and war material may not, in time of war, be shipped or unshipped in the canal or its ports. Warships may not be stationed in it, but each contracting party may in peacetime keep two war vessels at Port Said or Suez, a privilege which it loses if it goes to war. This was the substantive part of the treaty. As to carrying it out, the representatives of the signatory Powers in Egypt were in effect authorized to be watchful in the matter and to move the Egyptian Government to take proper measures whenever any infraction of the treaty was threatened. They were specially charged to see that the canal should not be fortified. There were other clauses reserving to Turkey and Egypt the right to take measures in or about the canal, which were purely defensive, or for the maintenance of public order; but they are of minor importance.

This was the best attempt that the later Victorian statesmen could make to achieve the real and sincere neutralization of the canal. Great Britain in 1888 reserved her liberty of action 'in view of the transitional state of Egypt at the time' but in 1904 accepted without reserve. On the whole, the work was well done. One feels as one reads the clauses about the self-defense of Egypt that the contracting parties had Lord Wolseley's expedition in their minds. England was not popular in Europe in 1888, and the other Powers did not want that kind of thing to happen again. But much water has flowed under the bridges since those days. England in 1914, by

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a unilateral act, declared Turkish suzerainty over Egypt at an end and proclaimed a British protectorate. This she abandoned in 1922 by a similar act and proclaimed the independence of Egypt, subject to four reservations. Of these the control of the canal is (by implication) one. The four matters reserved were left over until such time as agreements upon them could be reached 'by free discussion and friendly accommodation.' That time has not yet, so far as we know, arrived, and Egypt acquiesces quietly in the English claim to control the canal so far as is necessary for imperial communications. Then in our post-war treaties with Germany and Austria we secured the consent of those Powers to the transfer to this country of all the powers that the Convention of 1888 conferred upon the Sultan; while by the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923 the new Turkey renounced all rights in and over Egypt. This renunciation was made retrospective to November, 1914.

III

Turning to the law reports we find that some light is thrown on the position of the canal by the wartime decisions of the Privy Council. In the Pindos case that court decided that the merchant ships of a belligerent were not entitled under the convention to take refuge in the canal or its ports for the purpose of evading capture by the war vessels of his enemy. It was an interesting case where the Egyptian Government, of course under British tutelage, turned three reluctant German merchant vessels out of their harbor at Port Said and consigned them, virtually, to the arms of British captors. It laid down a useful rule about the canal.

In the Sudmark case the Judicial Committee admitted that the keeping of a prize in the canal by its captor may very well be a breach of the convention but was not a matter which the prize court should consider as a reason for releasing the prize. None of the other war cases, such as the Kohlengesellschaft case, add anything very instructive about the canal that is of present interest. All assume that the Convention of 1888 is in force and governs the waterway to-day.

Shortly after the War the status of the canal was mentioned, and the Treaty of 1888 cited, before the Permanent Court of International Justice. The court took notice of the fact and law that, subject to the rights of the local sovereign in matters of self-defense, the canal was open to all nations in time of war and of peace. 'In fact,' runs the judgment, 'under this régime belligerent men-of-war and ships carrying contraband have been permitted in many different circumstances to pass freely through the canal, and such passage has never been regarded by anyone as violating the neutrality of the Ottoman Empire.'

IV

No more authority need be cited. The canal is by treaty open. The 'Ottoman Empire' and its rights have disappeared, and the canal is certainly, by inference, among the matters that the British Government 'reserved' when she withdrew her protectorate over Egypt. She is therefore still the protecting Power so far as the canal is concerned. As things stand now, the freedom of passage through

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the canal is of vital importance to one of the hypothetical belligerents. Both are signatories of the Kellogg Pact, and, if one declares war in violation of that pact, she could not complain if the protecting Power closed the canal. He who appeals to treaties must respect them.

VI. War in the Suez Canal

By Josef Wechsberg

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-language Daily

ALL machine guns and shells ordered by the Abyssinian Government and all soldiers sent by Mussolini to the Abyssinian front must pass the Suez Canal. But the Suez Canal belongs neither to the Abyssinians nor to the Italians. Only the Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez, which is completely under English influence, can make decisions about it. And, if the English wished to bar the Suez Canal to shipments of troops and munitions, this would mean a thirty-day detour on the voyage from Trieste to Djibuti. What that means does not have to be told here.

When the Suez Canal was opened, on November 17, 1869, it had swallowed up twenty million pounds sterling. A gigantic collapse of the Canal Company was everywhere predicted, but by now the lucky stockholders of this company have become the most envied shareholders in the world. Shares bought for 500 francs are worth over 18,000 francs to-day, and the Egyptian Khedive, who at one time had to sell a large part of his shares to the English, made a bad bargain.

At the entrance to the Canal, the strangest harbor city in the world—Port Said—has arisen, and, on both sides of the Canal, where a few years ago there was only desert, one can now see palm groves and green cactus gardens. The canal company employs an army of officials, has a dredging fleet, and keeps the canal in a model condition. The transit costs are correspondingly high. A 20,000-ton ship pays almost 70,000 francs. This gives the steamer the right of transit. How long will transit take? Nobody knows. The officers don't know. Even the captain cannot say. In the canal he has ceased to be 'lord after God' on board. The pilot of the canal company must come on board. He is not over friendly, as might be expected of the officials of such an aristocratic firm. The company can laugh heartily. Let anyone take offense and say he won't travel through the canal. He'll have a month's time to reflect on it when he voyages around Africa like the ancient Phœnicians.

All over the world a white-painted, luxurious, elegant passenger steamer has precedence over a greasy, stinking oil barge—everywhere but in the Suez Canal. Here a quite unusual ranking is the rule. First come the oil steamers. Everything must give way to them. This means that the elegant passenger ship must stand aside and allow the small, greasy oil tanker to pass. But even large ships do not travel as fast as automobiles, and so an hour has been lost before you know it. If one has

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bad luck, a second oil ship comes by. Then another halt. Another wait in the heat of the sun. The captain curses. The passengers curse. It's of no avail. Slowly the tanker passes, its grimy crew smiles mockingly upon the white-clad ladies and gentlemen above, and by the time one arrives at the canal itself this sort of thing has lasted not eight hours, as one expected, but eighteen.

II

Why does the oil ship have precedence? Because at Suez the Shell Company and the oil refineries of Egypt have their headquarters. The entire oil reserves of Uganda and the Persian Gulf are collected here and distributed to the various ports of the world. Therefore oil ships come first. Then come warships; finally, and only then, come the mail and passenger ships. First business, then politics, then everything else, and finally people. It is thus all over the world. Only in the Suez Canal one sees it more clearly.

Night voyage through the Suez Canal. The powerful searchlight of the steamer plays over the yellow canal water and the banks. In this film-like illumination a few mounted Arabs or a caravan of camels can be seen. Qantara is passed. There one transfers for Palestine. Ismailia and Bitter Lake, where one no longer believes one's self to be in a canal but on the ocean. Small skiffs suddenly appear from no one knows where and disappear again in the dusk. Since the Italian troop movements began, many individuals prowl about, spying and doing all sorts of forbidden things. In Addis Ababa one learns just an hour later what individuals and how many troops are en route to Abyssinia. And ever fresh infantry transports are taken through the canal. As Ferdinand de Lesseps, the gifted builder of this marvel, said at the opening of the Suez Canal, when he was at the peak of his fame, 'I have done something for peace and progress.' He did not suspect that he had given to the possessors of the Suez Canal a weapon more dangerous and important than machine guns and cannon.

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On the eve of the plebiscite in which Greece is to choose between monarchy and democracy a Vienna paper uncovers a British conspiracy in the Balkans, while a Nazi journalist examines the attitudes of Britain, France, Italy, and the 'sovereign people' of Greece.

GIFTS FOR the GREEKS

THE RESTORATION MOVEMENT

I. THE BRITISH AND THE BALKANS

By A BELGRADE CORRESPONDENT

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

IT IS a well-known fact that the days of the Republic in Greece are numbered. The only thing that is uncertain is the time of the change, and, in certain respects also, the question of persons. The ex-King George, official candidate for the reëstablishment of the Greek royal throne, was divorced about two months ago from his wife, Elizabeth, the sister of King Carol of Rumania. This separation was an essential condition for any return of George to Athens, for Elizabeth was little liked by the Greek people. The aversion is mutual. Elizabeth, too, has few sympathies for her former Greek subjects and admitted this quite freely in an interview with an English journalist directly after the divorce. She explained then that she did not like Greece because the Greek people lack hospitality and chase after the idol of profit, while she prefers to live in Rumania among her books. This interview revealed authoritatively the nature of the ex-Queen's quarrel with

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Greece and gave the expert in palace politics a clear insight into the political causes of the divorce.

Ex-King George is the official candidate for a Greek Restoration. Is he, however, the only one? The latest events lead one to suppose that George has acquired a very important rival in the Duke of Kent, brother of the future King of England. What has happened during the last days in Veldes, the summer residence of the Yugoslav royal family, deserves close attention. According to a report from Athens, the Greek Prime Minister, Tsaldaris, stayed there recently and had a conversation with Prince Nicholas of Rumania, who broke an airplane trip to Paris at Belgrade for the express purpose of going out to Veldes to see him. Still more interesting than this week-end trip of the Rumanian prince is the additional fact that simultaneously the Duke of Kent and his well-known wife, Marina,—apparently also not by chance,—stayed with them in Veldes. Tsaldaris, after his audience with Prince Nicholas of Rumania, had a conversation with the Duke of Kent.

II

These family conversations in Veldes remind one strikingly of the visit Prince Regent Paul paid to Sinaia after George's divorce from Elizabeth. There was discussion also in Sinaia (as reported by a reliable source) of the imminent restoration in Greece, and in the discussion Prince Regent Paul, acting as spokesman for the English royal house, with which he collaborates closely, expressed a desire to see the Duke of Kent upon the Greek throne.

The reasons for this are only loosely bound up with English dynastic politics; the driving forces for English efforts in behalf of the Greek throne lie elsewhere. They are closely connected with the new goal of English foreign policy in southeastern Europe. This policy is directed less against France than against the influence of Soviet Russia, for England attaches prime importance to gaining the support of the Balkan dynasties in view of cautiously prepared action. These methods may be antiquated, but they proceed from quite accurate premises and are fully justified by the political balance in the Balkan countries. English activity is psychologically accurate in so far as it is directed to those points in the Balkans that are especially threatened by Communist underground work. The prospects of the English thrust are therefore not negligible.

The Belgrade court is under English influence. The strong position that the English hold in Yugoslavia is deliberately fortified by the English education of King Peter. In Rumania, however, things are certainly quite different. But English influence was always very noticeable even at the Rumanian court, and it is quite probable that the relations of both royal families will become in the near future quite as cordial as they were formerly.

The negotiations in Sinaia between King Carol and the Yugoslavian Prince Paul contributed to this. That this was not quite fruitless for English Balkan objectives is proved by the meetings in Veldes, for these meetings are a continuation of the political negotiations of Sinaia, though with rôles reversed. Just as Prince Paul had a conversation with the Greek War Minister, Kondylis, immediately after his visit in Rumania, so now he delib-

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erates in Veldes with the Duke of Kent, the Rumanian Prince Nicholas, and the Greek Prime Minister Tsaldaris. The direction in which this conversation moves is sufficiently and clearly indicated by the presence of the Duke of Kent.

It is naturally difficult to tell in advance whether the hopes England puts in the Greek Restoration will be realized because, since the Greek royal question entered the larger arena of European politics, France has taken an interest in saving her position in southeastern Europe. Perhaps this task will devolve upon the 'official' candidate for the Greek throne.

Since, as we have briefly indicated, English activity in the Balkans in relation to the Greek royal question has as its object the achieving of an understanding with Bulgaria, the adherence of King Boris of Bulgaria remains to be gained, and, since the political results of the marriage of King Boris to the Italian Princess Giovanna are zero, it is not at all impossible that English activity will manifest itself in Bulgaria, too, or England can exploit the closer relations between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. Consequently, an 'entente of the Balkan kings' under English influence is completely within the realm of possibilities.

II. The Monarchy—at Home and Abroad

Translated from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Munich Official National-Socialist Daily

IT IS a striking fact that, at the moment, no press in the world follows the occurrences in Greece with such searching interest as the English. The causes of this interest are perfectly clear: they are not merely dynastic, although the aspirant to the Greek throne still lives in England and enjoys a close friendship and relationship with the English royal house. But more important is the influence that the Greek Restoration would probably have on English policy in the Mediterranean. This policy revolves about the question of the aids that England's considerable Mediterranean fleet would require en route to the Suez Canal.

As is well known, the military value of the Gibraltar fortifications is beginning to seem somewhat illusory, thanks to the technique of modern defense. The eagerness with which the English are strengthening Malta arises from the realization of how difficult it would be to hold this influential island against Italian air attack. Cyprus, which is much too far away, has long since come to be considered a rather bad investment in English naval circles. But between Malta and Cyprus there lie numerous islands, completely unexploited from a military viewpoint, and these islands belong to Greece. There can be no doubt that after the Greek Restoration has been effected the question of swapping the large and fertile island of Cyprus, with its almost exclusively Greek population, will be seriously considered.

England, like Greece herself, hopes that the Greek Restoration will serve to stabilize internal Greek politics. With the close amalgamation of politics and economics, this is important for the Greek-English trade, which is

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already quite considerable but which lacks stability and which has been unfavorably affected by the other more important commercial relations of Greece. England will actually be the biggest winner from the Greek Restoration, and that is a fact that is well appreciated in London.

II

In Paris opinion is somewhat different. When France thinks in terms of foreign politics, she thinks also in terms of alliances and is always concerned over the attitude of her allies. And that is why Kondylis, the Greek Minister of War, who to-day leads the Royalist movement, does not need to go to Paris. His visits to Rome and Belgrade are in themselves enough to win support for the Greek Restoration in France. Kondylis traveled unofficially, but at the end of his trip he let it be known that he had energetically pursued the task of getting the projected kingdom accepted abroad. The arrangement lies along the previous lines: that is to say, that the Balkan Entente will continue its friendly relations with the Little Entente in Belgrade and Bucharest. Paris is satisfied. After its previous coolness the *Temps* wrote in its leading article, 'The restored crown will claim no new territory, for the Greek Monarchists have been prominent adherents of the Balkan Entente, and consequently of the Little Entente.'

This is, no doubt, only conditionally true. For, if one looks back twenty years, one sees the father of the present aspirant to the throne, King Constantine, despairing of defending himself against the French policy of alliances. He could not set himself against his minister, Venizelos, who had been won over to France. But his adherents, who had been forcibly sent to the front against the Central Powers, there laid down their arms and were taken up with all military honor by the enemy of France. But this is ancient history to-day.

III

And Rome? It is well known that Il Duce is favorably inclined to the Greek Restoration. Kondylis has succeeded here, too, for besides the promise of the Balkan Entente's acquiescence to the Restoration, he could point also to the Greco-Turkish treaty of friendship. For this reason, then, Italian anxieties over the previously strained relations with Turkey, which are at the moment entirely unwelcome to Italy, were dispersed. The Greek Restoration, from which a stabilization of the internal politics of the country is expected, is now furthered and welcomed because it is also expected to bring a stabilization of foreign politics. At the same time, Tsaldaris reappointed his previous Foreign Minister Maximos, the man who signed the Balkan Pact, and took him into his newest Cabinet. And Maximos is a Royalist.

Very complex—indeed, actually impenetrable—is the position of the projected Restoration in Greece itself. Here Royalists not only quarrel with the Republicans, whose number can no longer be even vaguely estimated, but fall into at least four different groups themselves, each of which proclaims its own tactics. These factional splits arise from the varying degrees of zeal among the Restorationists and

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from their uncertainty with regard to the result of the coming plebiscite, now scheduled for November 3.

In this precarious position, Prime Minister Tsaldaris shows himself to be a statesman in the true meaning of the word. He grows in stature in proportion to the growth of his present task. 'I make the policy of the Government' is one of the commands that he has the knack of issuing in the right place at the right moment, even if it must affect his tried Minister of War. To-day it seems to be universally agreed that Tsaldaris is the only man who can still rule in Greece at this moment. The rapid rebuilding of the Cabinet was, it is generally agreed, a brilliant feat. Within a few hours he created out of an exploded Royalist-Republican Cabinet a new Royalist-Republican Cabinet, which forthwith began to display the very unity of policy that the previous Cabinet had lost in the confusion of the crisis.

It is hard to say whether temperament will be able to keep itself in check until November 3. Many signs point against it. Rumors are rife that a group has already made preparations to bring the King home by force in an airplane. It is possible that the politicians will not observe the self-discipline that Tsaldaris set such a good example by displaying. That is why the plebiscite was postponed. Many circles are very uneasy about it and are demanding that it be dropped because, they say, it will again split up the people into factions. Nevertheless, the tension of the nation forbids any such action.

Thus, if the Restoration question has served to brighten the outlook for Greece's relations with the outside world, dark clouds still hang over her domestic affairs.

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In a letter to a friend, an American economist submits some figures on the German economic crisis, while a wide-awake English journalist describes the situation of the German laboring class and the workings of the secret police.

The GERMAN Dilemma

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Two Foreign Appraisals

I. A Letter from Germany

DEAR ——:

It occurred to me that you might be interested in some of the 'news'—I add quotation marks because there is no genuine news to be found on the European continent. There are rumors and counter-rumors everywhere, and opinions, and beliefs, and, above and worst of all, propaganda at every turn of the road. But news there is none!

First regarding Italy. Nobody at all well posted believes Mussolini can possibly turn back—that he is utterly and completely committed to the conquest of Abyssinia, and that the attempt will not only fail but most probably smash the whole Fascist régime in Italy. I have just come from a conversation with S——, the American Consul in ——. He seems to know a lot of the ins and outs of Italian developments in recent months. Better than one million men are under arms. Foodstuffs are being commandeered along with industrial products for war purposes, with the result that prices are skyrocketing. Some prices have increased from two to three hundred per cent over the past two to four months. The advance is general. Troop and war-material movements have begun to overstrain the transport system. All passenger trains are crowded; even second and first class have become insufferable.

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The internal tension seems to be taking on some unexpected features. Complaints are being voiced everywhere about the expedition. And with complaints come repressive measures. The opinion prevails that Laval has made a secret compact from which it is impossible to withdraw. If so, the English will be completely alienated. Some think it not impossible that the English will intervene. But whether or no, English opposition is certainly not apt to decrease, whatever the Government may choose to do about it. If so, animosity against English-speaking people among the fanatics is apt to take a sinister turn.

II

But I can come closer to reporting fact regarding Germany. And to say that general conditions there are alarming is not to exaggerate in the least. From everybody who would 'talk'—and it is getting much easier to find these people—I got the same general picture. And that picture is that the present situation is much, much worse than that which led to the ghastly 'June purge' of 1934.

Some of the facts have been checked from several fairly reliable angles—including figures not available to the public and regarded as strictly confidential. Among these is the astounding fact that the short-term unfunded debt at present stands at approximately 18 billion Rm. and that it is increasing at the rate of approximately 1¼ billion Rm. per month. By the end of 1936—the present reckoning basis—it will stand at no less than 40 billion Rm.

Nobody believes that either the present or expected indebtedness can be avoided without a complete and disastrous breakdown of the whole system, or that any considerable portion of even the present total can be met by any recognized legitimate means. Significant enough, the alternative solutions being discussed are deflation of currency to a level making possible the type of foreign expansion the Japanese have been attempting, internal inflation, complete repudiation of the existing monetary system, permanent repudiation of then-existing debts, and confiscation of all large land-holdings and all share capital. Don't think I am being wild. These alternatives have been discussed calmly with persons who are in a position to lose by such measures, and not as though they could be avoided, but rather as to what combination of circumstances would facilitate one rather than the other.

The Right is not satisfied. By estimate, about 60 per cent of the short-term indebtedness, and probably a very large amount of the current income expended, is going for Arbeitsbeschaffung, and at least as high a percentage of this is going for military purposes. By another estimate, approximately 60 to 70 per cent of all heavy-industry output is going for the same purpose. The catching-up process has about another year to go, and then what?

Industry is extremely apprehensive on that account. But more serious for them in the immediate present is the fact that they must continuously and day by day contribute heavy levies for Arbeitsbeschaffung, export surplus, and other purposes. The second item approximates one billion Rm. for the current year and must come from industry by any route the Government

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decides to utilize. They have only to contribute. The actual administration is in the hands of the separate subgroups of the Reichsgruppe Industrie and parallel organizations. It takes all profits, to cite just one item, above 6 per cent in most, and 7 per cent in all, cases. While the amounts coming via this route are nominally represented as short-term claims against the State, in reality they are a tax, and nobody holds the slightest doubt but that they will never be paid back. The result is high (relatively to two years ago) industrial activity, 'reasonably high profits,' but less and less that can be retained.

The question may well be asked: if this is true, in a government which they bought and paid for, why do they put up with it at all? But the answer is contained in the question. True it is a 'business dictatorship,' but its success depends upon recreation of the conditions of 1929, and neither the world nor the domestic situation permits the return of 1929 conditions or any close approximation to it. Schacht is complete economic dictator; he has the confidence of all the business men—who hate him with unabashed virulence because of his ego, his ruthlessness, and his withering sarcasm. If Schacht says this must be done, they reason, we had best follow, for he is on our side. That he is can be seen from the complete emasculation of the SA, the long silence in the Jew-baiting campaigns (see below), the complete emasculation of Arbeitsfront (they have even gone to the extent of placing effective control in the hands of the national and regional chambers of industry and commerce). But where is it leading to: this mounting debt, these rapidly increasing costs, these levies on profits, this militarization (eye on foreign markets!)?

III

Even more significant is what you hear about the complaints from the Left. I mean the reaction of the business men about the unrest in their own labor ranks—ranks over which they are supposed to have complete despotic control. I could cite here a half dozen of the most significant industrial leaders of Germany, who feel that unless something is done and quickly, too, it will be impossible to avoid revolution.

This may seem anomalous in face of the statistics on rising employment. But it is not. In the first place, unemployed figures are those only for 'registered unemployed.' That these do not tell the whole story is plain on the face of the official figures, which show employment to increase more rapidly than unemployment decreases —in the last number of *News in Brief*, it is stated that the increase in employment has been in excess of decline in unemployment for the past quarter year by from 700,000 to 800,000. There is no way of telling how many more may be deposited in this pool. Certainly it includes all of Landhilfe, all of Arbeitsdienst, both male and female, all the army, all of SA and SS, all 'non-Aryans,' all, or nearly all, married women, all declared 'enemies of the state,' and so on.

However, increase in employment does not result in any considerable increase in total aggregate wages paid. If the amounts paid to the laborers by way of wages are no greater than, or the same as, the amounts paid to them as relief when they were unemployed,

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then it merely means that these men now work for relief wages. In other words, if the facts were known, it is possible that the aggregate money wages have not increased at all. However, the advance shown by the figures is less than it should be if money wages were to keep pace with the advance in the cost of living as shown by the official index. In other words, there is taking place a decline of real wages on the basis of the figures shown.

But the figures conceal two different and highly significant facts: first, that the cost-of-living index is very 'sticky,' being weighted heavily with foodstuffs and, amongst the foodstuffs, with the cheaper margin-of-subsistence (no fruit, practically no legumes, no 'luxury items') starches and carbohydrates. Hence it does not show real advance. In the second place, money wages are quoted as *rates multiplied by numbers employed*, and not as money left in the hands of labor for the purpose of supplying consumption needs. There are many different types of compulsory and 'voluntary' contributions. The latter are in effect —and nobody questions this for a moment—compulsory. It is impossible to estimate these with any comfortable margin of accuracy. B——, the —— Commercial Attaché, and by common agreement the best-posted foreigner in Berlin (he has been here 15 years), gave the estimate of 40-per-cent real tax on money wages. From other checks I think that estimate too high, but it unquestionably averages 20 per cent of wages, and it may very well be 30 per cent. This is not, of course, all addition to former charges, but about one half of it most probably falls into that classification.

Regarding the cost of living, I had occasion to check some individual items. Fruit, to take an extreme example, approximates from two to three times the price of one year ago. Legumes have about doubled. Eggs and potatoes are up from 30 to 70 per cent for different grades and types. Young Hugo Stinnes quoted wholesale prices for hogs at his own slaughter yards as 35 per cent over one year ago; cattle, 50 per cent.

As the president of Siemens and Halske, Carl Friedrich von Siemens, said to a friend of mine recently, 'We have to worry when our workman cannot buy the customary class of beer in the evening'—and added, significantly, 'It is now next to impossible for him to do so.'

IV

More recently matters have been coming to a head within the NSDAP. I cannot quote you my authority for the following, but I can assure you that there is no higher American authority in Berlin—and it was told to him verbatim by a participant. At a Cabinet meeting held on the last Monday (I am not quite sure of the date, but I believe it was Monday) of July, the question of the crisis in the Party was being discussed. Schacht, who felt he was being seriously handicapped by the truculence of the arch-Jew-baiter, Streicher (editor of the *Stürmer*), by the stealthy strengthening of the SA (the same trick Roehm so lucklessly attempted), and by general tendencies to cater to the Left in Arbeitsfront, exclaimed that he had tried every expedient he thought at all feasible, that he had done all he could, and, if they were not satisfied to support him in his pro-

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grams any longer, then 'now is the time to decide, and to take me out and shoot me.' Hitler strode across the room, grasped his hand, and assured him that he would stand by him to the last ditch, that he appreciated the heroic sacrifices Schacht had been making personally on behalf of the cause, etc. But for the first time Goebbels, Göring, Streicher, Ley; Seldte, etc. held back and held together. This never happened in the Roehm case. And these now demand, as a condition to being able to head off the growing labor unrest, confiscation of all the big estates of share capital. Surely when they can go so far as this, things are getting to a pretty serious condition.

V

There are apparently a good many strikes taking place every day. It is absolutely impossible to learn anything about them whatsoever. But there are other indications of the way the wind is blowing and of the force behind it. For example, from sources of an underground but of unusually responsible character I learned that the German Communist Party has moved its headquarters back from Paris to Berlin. The Jew-baiting has reached a new level of paper-savagery, and has begun to break out in open attacks again. I have never in any place, on any occasion, or in any literature high or low seen the equal of the unashamed, disgusting, primitive, latrine-minded assaults on any person, party, or cause the equal of the current paper attacks being made on the Jews. It is the most revolting and utterly scurrilous thing I have ever heard of—and I have seen quite a good deal of the worst propaganda of the War as set forth in various exhibits in Berlin, Moscow, Paris, and other places.

Then again, one hears complaints everywhere—on the street, in the trains, in the theatre, the cafés, etc. This is something entirely new—a product of the past six months or so. Nor is it any longer difficult to obtain the confidence of persons strategically placed. For example, I heard the random comments made in the course of two or three hours' conversation by a high-up SS man regarding the SS, the Government, and life in general under the new dispensation. And, in a few words, this was the story: nobody is any longer safe—safe as to property, life, reputation. Whether he be Right, Left, Centre, whether he be SS, SA, CP, Soc. Dem., whether he be rich or poor. Everybody dreads what is coming. Nobody knows what it may be, but that a spectral future looms ahead nobody in his right senses can possibly doubt.

The external signs are few to the sight-seer or the unskilled eye. The shops all run as before—full of goods, with lots of buyers. The cafés and *Konditoreien* look prosperous; the music is as gentle, sweet, and enticing as before. Different from 1930 is the bustle. Much more is going on; the evidence of building is everywhere—in offices, factories, subways (Berlin), and particularly domestic construction. For the superficial all is well and going ahead. But the Narrenbühnewelt is only more mad still for the appearance to the contrary; the deceit of the apparent truth only more wretched for the ghastly reality that must lie behind.

From the beginning I was disposed

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to believe that the system, entirely aside from merits and demerits, might well last 10 to 20 years, given absence of a general European war. P—— gave the latter estimate, and he is an authority of considerable weight. Yet such a judgment is, I now think, absolutely worthless. Not only because all such judgments in history fail of realization because of shortsightedness at some crucial point or other, but because all the makings for a complete, far-reaching, and ghastly breakdown are in the picture. It is not alone that conditions are such in Germany; but they are little better, except in certain political respects, elsewhere in Europe. The Balkans and Central Europe in general are unrelieved by a single bright spot politically, economically, socially, or otherwise. Over all this vast confused area broods the spirit of hopelessness, of despair, of dread. I don't understand how people survive day in and day out this thickening blackness. Nowhere in the native press or amongst the well posted do you hear the hope of peace, only and always it is merely, 'When will it happen?'

But the counsel of despair contains, by almost universal common consent, this curious germ of hope—that it could not last because nobody would put up with it. And that means revolution. The subject is on the tongue almost everywhere you go. At times one feels that the very readiness to discuss the subject must be a measure of its unreality. Yet the sobering experience of close and intimate acquaintance with the facts makes short shrift of this illusion.

From the beginning I have been conscious of the imperative need of 'suspending' judgment, of keeping as close to the hard realities as humanly possible, of discounting rumor and lending a deaf ear to hysteria. I have found myself almost making a fetish of skepticism. But, withal, it certainly is not easy to prevent the coagulation of fixed opinion that the future is bound to shape itself in certain definite directions, and at this moment—and for some time past—my feeling has been that surely we must recognize that we stand in our box seats to watch the disintegration not only of capitalism but of much that we understand to be western culture and civilization. It is impossible to go through the efforts of Arbeitsfront, Kraft durch Freude (which they translate, officially, as 'Be Strong and Happy'), Arbeitsdienst, etc., without feeling that here, deliberately, maliciously, but with a certain perverse sincerity, all of the best of western civilization is being destroyed, step by step, generation by generation, and corpse by corpse. And the Italian patterns are the same. Likewise those to be found in some form or other in nearly every one of the smaller southern countries.

But this letter is running on. I apologize for its length, its misspellings, etc. (Reading all this odd literature in three or four different languages has utterly destroyed what little etymological and alphabetic sense I ever had.) All this sort of thing is now being done in a terrible hurry—the material is piling up on me so fast and the need of cogitating about it all is increasing at such a geometric ratio that I find little time available for the niceties of speech and verbal accuracy.

With very best regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

H——M——

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II. German Workers and the Gestapo

By a Special Correspondent

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

THERE have been at least a dozen strikes in Germany since the end of May, most of them in Westphalia, and the authorities have, on the whole, been rather at a loss how to deal with them. The demands of the workmen have usually been granted on condition that secrecy was observed. The Nazi dictatorship evidently hopes to prevent the strike movement from spreading by hushing it up, but news of the strikes spreads everywhere, none the less.

The conflict between the working class and the dictatorship has put the Nazi Labor Front into a severe predicament. The Labor Front was created to replace the trade unions, which were totally destroyed in 1933. It has a strong bias in favor of the employers, but, so as not to estrange the workmen, it goes in for a certain amount of anti-capitalist demagogy and sometimes harasses the employers, who, on the whole, regard it as a nuisance. Both the workmen and the employers could do better without it, especially the workmen. It is really an instrument of Nazi domination, and serves no purpose analogous to that of the former trade unions or of the old employers' organizations. When there is a strike, the Labor Front usually tries to lecture and pacify the men, telling them that strikes are unpatriotic and that, whatever happens, the outside world must not know.

These tactics make the contrast with the bargaining and (sometimes) fighting efficiency of the old trade unions all the plainer. There are in Germany to-day no organizations at all for collective bargaining. Many employers look upon the present state of affairs as a kind of 'Bolshevism,' as they call it (though not, of course, in public).

The dictatorship is doing all it can to avert an open conflict with the working class as a whole, but working-class solidarity is certainly growing. This is particularly true of the Catholic workmen. The Catholic, or 'Christian,' trade unions were destroyed together with the Socialist, or 'free,' trade unions, but their members, although the organization has gone, act together as though it still existed.

II

It is impossible to see how labor unrest can be stopped by the dictatorship. Rearmament has given work to large numbers of men, both skilled and unskilled, but lack of raw material and the bad state of German finance are slowing down the pace of rearmament and compelling munitions works to dismiss workmen, shorten working hours, and reduce wages everywhere. In some districts there are workmen who can no longer buy enough to eat. There have been some noisy scenes on pay days. Speakers at meetings of the Labor Front in the factories are often heckled, and sometimes the gatherings break up in disorder. General meetings

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of the Labor Front are often boycotted by workmen.

For the first time there is criticism of Herr Hitler. Even in the early days of the dictatorship Herren Göring, Goebbels, Ley (head of the Labor Front), and other Nazi leaders were criticized and ridiculed. There are, for instance, whole series of popular jokes about General Göring and Dr. Goebbels. Herr Hitler's name, however, remained as though sacrosanct. When the deeds of the dictatorship as a whole were questioned, his responsibility was always explained away. He did not, so it was said, know about the torture of prisoners, the concentration camps, the corruption, the nepotism, and so on. The events of June 30 last year increased, rather than diminished, his prestige because he punished 'the big noises' and not merely 'the smaller fry.'

III

But now there is murmuring against Herr Hitler, too. Some verses that are popular in the Solingen district reproduce a common mood among the working class:—

Heil dem Führer,
Es wird alles dürrer!
Bald giebt's einen grossen Krach—
Dann sagen wir wieder 'Guten Tag!'

(Hail to the Leader! All is getting scarcer. Soon will come a big crash. Then it will be 'Good morning!' again.)

In other words, Herr Hitler will go, and the old greetings will replace the Nazi *Heil.*

There has been a characteristic incident at the Schönwalde Airdrome, which is still under construction. The workmen there were ordered to do overtime without extra pay. Two of them refused and urged the others to refuse as well. They were arrested by the Gestapo (secret police), whereupon the others declared that they would strike if they were not released. They were released at once.

The atmosphere in Germany is growing more and more sinister. The dictatorship will, so it is felt, hit out ruthlessly before the end of the year. Intelligent workmen, especially those who belonged to the old Socialist, Communist, and Centre (Catholic) Parties, are fully aware that it will, sooner or later, have to make up its mind how it will deal with labor unrest. An ever greater number of workmen is convinced that a real trial of strength will come and that an organized working-class attack on the Nazis will be possible some time, although not yet. The Nazis themselves are awaiting the autumn and, still more, the winter with some apprehension.

THE cells in the Prinz Albrechtstrasse, Berlin, are down below. Special permits are needed to visit them. There are seventeen in all, and they are strongly guarded by armed Black Guards. The cells are clean, and the walls freshly painted and without any markings (except for a big 'T' on one of them where Thaelmann was imprisoned for a time). The armed and steel-helmeted Blackshirts on guard in and around the headquarters of the Gestapo (the secret police) number about a hundred in all. Most of the Social-Democratic and Communist prisoners are in the notorious Columbia House in the Columbiastrasse.

The different Gestapos use different methods of torture. In Berlin the

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prisoners—both men and women—are usually beaten, sometimes so severely that they are reduced to physical and mental wreckage. In Saxony they are also beaten, though other and more cunning tortures are used as well. In Western Germany some prisoners have been treated with electricity—this method has the advantage of leaving no visible injury, although the prisoner may die if his heart is not very strong.

IV

Prisoners in the Prinz Albrechtstrasse are sometimes treated extremely well before they are transferred to the Columbia House, where so many prisoners have been tortured. They get plenty of food, cigarettes, and reading matter. The officials treat them like colleagues. They are told that if they will work for the Gestapo they and their families will be well provided for and they will have a good time altogether. If these blandishments fail, the treatment will suddenly change—the prisoner will be threatened, and, if he remains recalcitrant, he will be put to the torture like the others.

Why is it that the Gestapo is able to round up hundreds of suspects every month and to break into the very cores of at least some of the 'illegal' organizations? The chief reason is that these organizations are only beginning to learn their difficult and dangerous task. They have been riddled with informers, many of whom are amateurs who hope to get money or a job as a reward. While the Kriminalpolizei will make an arrest only when there are real reasons for suspicion and after a warrant has been issued, the Gestapo will arrest persons, most of whom will turn out to be wholly innocent, merely as the result of unfounded denunciations by informers.

The German Gestapo gets a good deal of its information about the 'illegal' movements from traitors and from the 'confessions' that are wrung out of prisoners by torture. On the whole, German political prisoners show the greatest fortitude, but it is not everybody who can stand torments that may go on for weeks and may end in death. Such information is often quite wrong, for the 'confessions' are frequently made by persons who know nothing or very little of what they are asked to confess and simply make up anything that occurs to them so as to put an end to their agony. Sometimes persons who have no interest in the 'illegal' movements at all and would be prepared to tell everything if they only knew are tortured inhumanly because the Gestapo are convinced that they are concealing knowledge they do not possess.

A good deal has been said and written about the work of 'Nazi agents' abroad. No doubt such 'agents' exist, but the Gestapo relies very largely on the reports of amateurs. The German Embassy in Paris, for example, is kept constantly (and by no means inaccurately) informed as to the movements of German political suspects, chiefly by amateur spies (many of whom are women).

V

A certain amount of spying on behalf of the Gestapo is done with the camera, and recently it has happened that persons—often entirely innocent

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—returning to Germany (either for good or only on a visit) have been asked by a German official or an agent of the Gestapo on the frontier whether they have been frequenting such-and-such a café or restaurant in Paris, London, or elsewhere. If they say 'yes,' they may be asked to give an explanation and will be questioned as to whether they have seen certain suspects (who may be well-known émigrés) there. If they say 'no,' a photograph will be shown to them, and they will be startled to see that they have, unknown to themselves, been photographed outside or inside some café or restaurant where they may have paid no more than one half-forgotten visit. Their situation then is, of course, very grave.

Almost all German subjects who are not specially accredited abroad and return to their own country after a long absence are treated as suspects (especially if they are Jews) and are arrested either on the frontier or, more frequently, when they arrive in their own town. Even if nothing can be proved against them, they are sent to 'instructional camps' (*Umschulungslager*), where they go through courses of training in National-Socialist doctrine, the singing of National-Socialist songs, military drill, and so on. The training may last a fortnight, or it may last an indefinite number of weeks. Even if there is no ground for even the slightest suspicion, the authorities hold that persons who have been long deprived of the atmosphere, ideas, and manners of the 'New Germany' must receive these in concentrated doses, so that they may shed all alien views and be prevented from contaminating their fellow countrymen at home.

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Persons and Personages

Baron Aloisi

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Topical Weekly

In July, 1932, Mussolini reorganized the Italian Ministry, for he did not want important officials to occupy the same position for too long a time. This incident in Italian domestic policy aroused the interest of the other Powers because the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Grandi, who had been Mussolini's mouthpiece, surrendered his portfolio to his master and Il Duce appointed Fulvio Suvich Under-Secretary of State and Baron Aloisi General Secretary for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In reality, this last statement is not altogether exact. For Baron Aloisi is Il Duce's personal representative to the foreign Powers. Thus, when the diplomats of the world gathered at Geneva, the young and enthusiastic emissary with the Florentine beard was replaced by a calm, cold man. Those who said at the time that the Italian Ambassador of patrician elegance, whose imposing mask never showed any animation, resembled some English lord forgot, no doubt, the ancient Roman medals on which the profiles of Cæsars and Emperors are displayed. Baron Aloisi, a Roman by birth and of Roman family, appears to be their direct descendant.

It is not altogether vain to deduce the attitude of Italy's representative from his external appearance. Baron Aloisi is not a man to give away his secrets. His courtesy is his best weapon, but he is a hard adversary, for he never says anything that is not carefully thought out in advance. This great taciturn man loves to work in solitude. He has acquired the habit of lengthy meditations, in which his only collaborators are Luigi Cortesi and the Marquis d'Ajeta.

It is interesting to note that he did not originally plan to enter upon a diplomatic career. He first joined the navy, and it was as a naval lieutenant that he passed the competitive examination for the diplomatic service. That was in 1902. Baron Aloisi was twenty-seven years old. His career progressed rapidly although it was interrupted by the War, during which he served in the navy.

He spent thirteen years in Paris as an attaché and a counselor for the Embassy. In fact, he was present during the Peace Conference. When he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary, he went first to Copenhagen and then to Bucharest. In this last post, as well as in the one that he occupied as an envoy to Albania,—two very important positions for

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post-war Italian diplomacy,—he revealed such dependable qualities that he was appointed Ambassador to Japan in 1927. In 1929, he was transferred to the Embassy at Angora, from which Mussolini recalled him in 1932.

For the last three years Baron Aloisi has been Il Duce's faithful representative. Mussolini no doubt values in him what one might call his genius for simplification, which we all saw put to the test when he presided over the Committee for the solution of the Saar question. Never could he have put himself to better use than in the Three-Power Conference; the avaricious lips of his Latin mouth could never have uttered more effective and succinct hymns to peace.

Lord Linlithgow: Viceroy of India

By P. Q. R.

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

To be Viceroy of India in these troubled times calls for a rare combination of qualities. Of Lord Linlithgow's grasp of the constitutional reforms that he will have to introduce, there is, of course, no question; but of his personality little is known. Mr. Baldwin's choice has fallen on a man who has never sought the limelight. He has been influential behind the scenes rather than prominent on the stage of public life.

The present Marquess is descended from the youngest of the six sons of a typical Laird of the sixteenth century, the eldest branch being represented by the Hopes, Baronets of Pinkie. The family has given to the State judges, soldiers, sailors, and administrators, many of whom reached eminence. The most distinguished of the soldiers was Lord Linlithgow's greatgrandfather, one of Wellington's generals. His father, the first Marquess, will be remembered as the first Governor General of Australia. The late Lord Balfour, an intimate friend of the first Marquess, once said: 'Hopie has better brains than his father, and, if only he has his father's capacity for work, he will go far.' Time has proved Lord Balfour to be right. Nothing has impressed Lord Linlithgow's colleagues on the Joint Select Committee more than his monumental industry and his tireless attention to detail.

In appearance and manner he is a fine type of British aristocrat. Tall, robust, and erect in figure, he has a way of inclining his head like Jove on Olympus. An impression of dignity and poise is conveyed as he walks, and still more when he takes the chair. An observer is first struck by his deep voice and powerful lower jaw but is reassured by a humorous mouth, kindly eyes, and the brow of a thinker. Clearly a

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dominating personality with a force of character and subtlety of intellect above the average.

Lord Linlithgow assumed the responsibilities of adult life at an early age and has had a wide and varied experience. Succeeding to his father's title and estates in 1908 at the age of twenty-one, he married at twenty-four and served with distinction in the Great War. After filling the posts of Deputy Chairman of the Conservative Party and Civil Lord of the Admiralty, he left politics for industry and became a director of several companies. As chairman of the Committee on Distribution and Prices of Agricultural Produce and of the Royal Commission on Indian Agriculture, he acquired the reputation of being an ideal committee chairman—tactful, hard-working, subtle, and quick to seize a point and, when necessary, to steer clear of the rocks. He can administer a rebuke with devastating pungency or disarming mildness, as the occasion demands. But much of his success is due to a Puckish impromptu humor, which breaks out now as light badinage, now as brilliant repartee, and frequently as a lightning-conductor in an atmosphere charged with thunderclouds. A man who can in a moment turn from grave to gay is both master of himself and well equipped to be leader of others.

Of his qualities of mind the most outstanding are versatility, sound judgment, and tolerance. Agriculture and India are his special subjects; but he can hold his own with experts on literature, art, economics, and scientific research. He knows more about business than the average economist and more about economics than most business men. In the course of a conversation he will surprise you by giving the latest prospects of a cure for the common cold or an outline of the effect on China of America's silver policy, as well as a racy tale of his Scottish tenantry. His cast of mind is curious, skeptical, judicial; not positive and dogmatic. He is more prone to listen than to preach; and, if he lays down the law in a challenging epigram at one moment, he will in the next be weighing up and accepting a large measure of truth in its precise opposite. As Mr. Baldwin said in reply to a parliamentary question, the older he gets the more impressed he becomes with the many-sidedness of truth; but, whereas Mr. Baldwin's tolerance and wide sympathies are associated with a certain indifference to, if not distrust of, science and economics, Lord Linlithgow is keenly appreciative of the achievements and possibilities, as well as the limitations, of scientific methods.

Like Mr. Baldwin, he judges men by their character and ideas by the character of the men who hold them. But, like many of the survivors of his age who fought in the War, he is more conscious than the older generation of the ferment of new ideas with which the Conservative instinct for tradition and stability has to make its peace in a rapidly changing world. Lord Linlithgow has had the advantage of contact with

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all classes, particularly of his fellow Scotsmen, and has the gift of making varied friendships in all walks of life. In this he resembles his great-uncle, General Andy Wauchope of Niddrie, whose popularity with the Scottish working classes was remarkable.

Like his predecessor, the new Viceroy will be greatly assisted by the personality of his wife. Tall, stately, and serene, with a ready smile and easy manner, she is ideally suited to play her part in promoting the right atmosphere for introducing the new era in India. She accompanied him during his visit to India in 1926–28 as chairman of the Royal Commission on Indian Agriculture and shared his intimate studies of village life. It must have fallen to few Englishmen to have obtained so detailed a knowledge of Indian life and politics without having served in the Indian Civil Service; and, indeed, there must be few Indians who have acquired so clear a picture of agricultural conditions and problems in every province. Lord Linlithgow worked with terrific energy during his two years in India. All who have served with him in that or any other field testify to his kindness and generosity to colleagues and subordinates and to the thoroughness and quickness of grasp with which he tackles the business in hand.

The Viceroy Designate is still young and has yet to prove that he possesses the highest gifts of statesmanship and administration. But his friends feel every confidence that there is no man living, of his generation, better qualified by character, intellect, and experience to assume the burden of guiding India's destiny in these critical times.

Korekiyo Takahashi

By Gilbert C. Townsend

Translated from *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-language Daily

IN THE showcases of Ginza one may see little figures representing the Indian saint, Dharma. They stand upright, but, if you tap the forehead of one of these saints with your finger, he falls down, lies a moment on his side, and then bobs up again, sways, rocks, teeters, and finally comes to rest again as bolt upright as he ever was.

The Japanese Minister of Finance, Korekiyo Takahashi, is never displeased to hear himself called 'Dharma.' Yet Dharma is the symbol of satiety, of enduring prosperity, and of unlimited optimism. The complete composure and unsarcastic humor of this octogenarian not only justify his popular nickname; these qualities are—as an influential Japanese publicist recently asserted—the only assets of the Japanese budget, indeed, of the whole brittle Okada Cabinet.

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Takahashi is a genius of fantasy with a kind of metaphysical profundity of thought. If an unforeseen factor makes its way into the orbit of their calculations, the literal-minded philistines of the Treasury always deny it. Then Takahashi comes and exorcises the unbidden spectre with that assurance born of long experience that the ancient Greeks called the basis of all true human greatness. A Buddhist-inspired biography explains—or, rather, indicates—Dharma's secret most appropriately by referring to the theory of the transmigration of souls. Takahashi does not ask, 'What shall I do now?' but, 'How have I done that before?' Takahashi has become—what one would expect least of all from an active Minister of Finance—a myth. In that he partakes of the natural fate of his generation, whose early days were filled with the secrets of the Japanese Middle Ages.

Born in 1854, the son of a poor court painter and a chambermaid, the young Korekiyo was adopted by a friendly but very poor Samurai. At the age of eight years he become a page boy in a Buddhist temple. His duties in the temple consisted in passing the priest fresh green tea every four hours.

Because he displayed unusual liveliness (a remarkable quality for a person in his occupation), the Daimyo of Sendai took notice of him and, since it was fashionable at that time, permitted him to study English in Yokohama with one of the first 'red-haired devils' to come over from America. Takahashi was scarcely more than thirteen years old when, by chance, he was sent to America, where the little English-murdering savage produced no small sensation. In America the question of emancipating the slaves had just been decided, but the young Takahashi was not fortunate enough to have the fundamentals of democratic freedom applied in his case. Enticed by an unscrupulous agent, he signed a contract that made him the serf of an Oakland farmer for three long years. Then he raised a sum of money sufficient to purchase his freedom. It was his first great financial feat.

Takahashi has not forgotten his three years of slavery, and even today he often gives the department heads in his Ministry the quite unconventional advice never to submit to the 'unjust arbitrariness' of a superior.

Takahashi turned back to Japan when the struggles over the Meiji restoration had just been concluded and a new era was dawning. With a dollar in his pocket and a good store of English words in his head, he opened a private school for the teaching of English, but he neglected his pedagogic activities and was finally compelled to secure a profession that charitable biographers do not willingly mention. He became—to put it kindly—the Finance Minister of a geisha in Yokohama.

In 1875 we see the 'bob-up Dharma' as the principal of an English

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school and also in government service for the first time. Because the newly opened Patent Office in Tokyo needed a director who had mastered English, the 'Dharma' was made director. From there the Yokohama Specie Bank called him, making him a director and finally president. But this post seemed to him so unromantic that he left the service and followed an international swindler to Peru—a man who had enticed him with the prospect of a measureless wealth of silver where, in fact, Takahashi found only worthless boulders.

After this none too glorious intermezzo, the 'Dharma' returned to Japan a poor man, and in 1891 he entered the service of the Bank of Japan. He cannot have earned a very bad name for himself, because within a short time he had become vice president.

THE Russo-Japanese War broke out and presented the financial authorities with the unforeseen fact that a war costs money. Japan had had little experience in this respect and believed that a loan of 100,000 yen would be sufficient. It seemed a fairly hopeless undertaking to send Takahashi to America to establish satisfactory credit there. For who would stake one cent on little Japan, which had challenged the Russian Goliath? But the 'Dharma' made the trip and had penetration enough to perceive that a 100,000-yen loan would very quickly be frittered away. For this reason, and because it seemed to him that it would be good psychology to make a respectable loan rather than to bother Wall Street for a mere 100,000 yen, he brought a million yen back home.

This sum was quickly devoured by the voracious monster of war without having enabled Japan to make any decisive progress on the field of battle. So Takahashi had to go back to America again, where the bankers displayed little inclination to throw good money after bad. Takahashi traveled to England to try his skill at raising loans on new allies. But here, too, the bankers were not encouraging.

That the loan was finally effected is due to a large measure of luck and not merely to the 'Dharma's' skill. One evening at a private dinner party he found himself next to a guest who with indefatigable curiosity brought the conversation back again and again to the scene of war in the Far East. But who was there who was not doing that in April, 1904? Takahashi gave his eager questioner patient, polite answers. His table companion insisted that money would be needed to win the war. Almost in jest Takahashi named the sum of ten million pounds sterling.

Scarcely a week later the loan had been completed. It remains only to explain that the curious gentleman happened to be an agent of the New York banking house of Kuhn, Loeb and Company and that his firm issued the loan.

The 'Dharma' was made a viscount and was called to the Upper

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House. In 1913 he made his début as Finance Minister, and to-day he rules the little house in Otemachi for the sixth time. Three times he has been called to pilot the financial ship through a typhoon, so to speak, and two of these times the old man had already retired to enjoy the society of his children and grandchildren.

He showed his talent for weathering crises during his first post-war term. The solution of the delicate task of directing the metamorphosis of Japanese industry from a war program to the activities of peace was entrusted to no other than Takahashi. His retirement was first broken by the bank crisis of 1927. At that time Takahashi averted the seemingly unavoidable avalanche that began with the collapse of the Fifteenth Bank. To-day there is no armaments industry to put on a peacetime basis; indeed, the trend is in the opposite direction. The banks rejoice in comparatively healthy balances, but Takahashi of late has presented the Imperial Diet with the largest deficit and at the same time the largest budget in the history of Japan. His is the task to reduce either the budget or the debt, or, better yet, both.

It has been Takahashi who has set the wheels of Japanese inflation in motion, but one must grant that he has also put on the brakes at the right moment. For this reason it is doubtful whether the 'Dharma' is a convinced inflationist or whether he has risked the devaluation adventure only from loyalty to the Seiyukai Party. We have forgotten to mention that, in a moment of spirited emotion against clannish economy, Korekiyo Takahashi threw his viscountship at the feet of Count Kijoura, resigned his place in the Upper House, competed successfully on the Seiyukai list for the Lower House, and finally became leader of the Party.

Because Takahashi neither belongs to one of the two clans that divide the parliamentary and legislative powers in Japan nor is supported by a Party, he is in a unique position and is upheld by the exceptional trust that he enjoys. Takahashi can permit himself to order inflations without being suspected of serving the Mitsui interests of the Seiyukai Party. He can reduce the navy budget without the Navy Party's daring to accuse him openly of favoring continental business firms. He can demand non-aggression pacts with Russia without his Party's having any right to charge him with treason to their Siberian dreams. The veil of unimpeachability has been lowered over him as it has been lowered over the other, the Great Indian Dharma.

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An Englishman describes a new Japanese cult, a Japanese nationalist writes of Communism's decline, an unemployed youth tells the story of his hardships.

JAPANESE Contrasts

Shintoism, Communism, and Unemployment

I. Japan's New Sect

By Guenther Stein

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

JAPAN'S meteoric rise to power has been accompanied by a revival of faith in her divine mission. Within the ancient Shinto religion a number of new spiritual movements have arisen which, joining faith to patriotism, serve to fortify the imperialist spirit of modern Japan. Among these movements Tenrikyo, a sect numbering eight million adherents, is the most significant. It claims to be a world religion and has begun to send missionaries abroad. The little town Tambaichi, the Mecca of the new faith, is proudly termed 'the centre of the world.' I found Tambaichi in the beautiful hill country surrounding the ancient imperial city of Nara, not far from the great cotton centre Osaka. The town itself presents a typical Japanese scene: a maze of narrow lanes, small wooden houses, overflowing shops; crowds of children, shouting street-vendors, and busy housewives carrying babies on their backs. Presently I noticed groups of uniformed women bearing colored badges. They were novices of the Tenrikyo priesthood.

Out of the oriental labyrinth I suddenly came upon a large square, on which stood a group of fortress-like buildings. The picture suggested an American university of the most modern type rather than the sacred place of an Asiatic religion. The large brick-and-stone buildings, standing each in a pleasant expanse of lawn, contained the colleges, libraries, and administrative offices of the Tenrikyo sect. In the

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background was a group of temples, erected, in curious contrast with the secular buildings, in the rich, gabled style of the Shinto tradition. It was obvious that the 'holy city,' as the vast compound is called by its inhabitants, houses an exceedingly efficient and wealthy organization. Tenrikyo is the youngest of the thirteen sects of Shinto, but it is by far the largest and richest among them.

I was received by a group of young college graduates, typical Japanese intellectuals. They were in charge of the missionary department, the schools, and the great library of scientific and philosophical books, which is famous throughout the country. The young officers of the sect speak fluent English. In their studies I saw bookshelves stacked with the classics of England, France, and Germany and with an astounding selection of modern European and American literature. In the administrative offices grave young people in uniforms were at work on hundreds of typewriters.

My obliging guides next led me to the chief temple, an impressive structure of light cedar wood. Along endless cloisters opening on charming gardens, over floors of highly polished parquet, we arrived at the inner gates. The temple nave, supported by wooden pillars and paneled throughout in polished, light-colored wood, had the size of a cathedral. A low screen separated the kneeling congregation, consisting mainly of women, from the priests who were conducting the service to the sound of muffled drums. From time to time the congregation rose for a short, solemn dance. Although there were several hundreds of people present, the huge auditorium appeared almost empty.

News was brought that the High Priest had arrived by the Tokyo express and was ready to receive me. I was taken to a modest house of the type that Japanese call 'semi-foreign.' The floors were covered with carpets, the rooms furnished in western style, and to the relief of the foreigner there were comfortable armchairs. Tea was served, with cherry cake and Turkish cigarettes, in the audience room of the patriarch. I had time to note some reproductions of modern French paintings and a large radio-gramophone. Then the High Priest arrived, a stoutish man, no more than thirty years old, with horn-rimmed glasses. He wore a simple kimono without any sign of his rank. We shook hands, and immediately began a businesslike discussion of the sect.

This is the story of Japan's latest revivalist movement. Almost exactly one hundred years ago the son of a wealthy farmer in a little village near Nara was sowing wheat. Suddenly a dreadful pain paralyzed his foot. He was taken home; the physician failed to help him, and an exorcist was called in. Using a medium to reach the patient's soul, the faith healer succeeded. But the pain returned. Again the exorcist was called, and, as he had been unable to bring his medium, the young man's mother, Miki Nakayama, took her place. She had hardly entered the trance when she assumed a solemn, prophetic attitude and pronounced a message of salvation: 'I am the General of Heaven, the original God,' exclaimed the woman. 'God has descended at the appointed time that he may save all men. I am his body.'

So the peasant woman became the founder of a new movement claiming to offer salvation to the world. The

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revelations and psalms written by her have become the 'bible' of the Tenrikyo sect. The chief doctrine of the teaching is that Japan is the centre of the world, and that—an admission unique in Japanese religions—all nations are equally children of the Father and should therefore be given the blessings of the true (Tenrikyo) faith.

For decades the sect remained in the obscurity of the villages. Its chance came with the popular reaction to the materialism introduced by the westernization of the country. Since the World War mysticism has attracted increasing numbers of Japanese people, and Tenrikyo was carried on the crest of the wave. Apart from the mystic belief in the divine message, the Tenrikyo religion consists of commandments common to most human faiths. It counsels the faithful to help each other, to lead a cheerful life, to respect national institutions and the social order, and to maintain the traditional ancestor worship. There is also a belief, not particularly stressed, in the transmigration of souls. In short, the religion is simple, tolerant, and comfortable. A typical illustration was given to me by my host. 'In a cotton mill the girl workers complained that their dormitories were haunted by a ghost, which appeared every night to tidy the cloakrooms. It was assumed that the ghost of a charwoman had been charged with this work in order to put the girls to shame. One night, however, the ghost was caught and turned out to be a young follower of Tenrikyo. The girl believed that every untidy place must cause untidy thoughts and one could not cleanse one's conscience without clearing up one's house. The charwomen being too busy in the evening, she had done the work "for the sake of the Father." From that day,' my informant added, 'the factory paid higher wages to Tenrikyo girls.'

The High Priest, who had talked with perfect frankness, is the great-grandson of the foundress, the position being hereditary. He told me that the sect had 60,000 priests and lay preachers and controlled large funds. Apart from its work in Japan, attention is given to missionary work abroad. There are many Tenrikyo followers in China, Manchuria, and among the Japanese in America. Since 1927 thirty-six Tenrikyo churches have been established in the United States and Canada.

The Holy Script of the sect contains a sentence that may give the cue to its popularity as well as to its considerable political importance. It runs: 'Hitherto there have been Japan and foreign lands; but hereafter there shall be naught but Japan.'

II. Communism in Japan

By Takeshi Arakawa

Translated from *Kokubon*, Tokyo Nationalist Monthly

COMMUNISM—or, as it is more commonly called, the 'Red Movement'—was once an active factor in Japan. To-day it may seem to have been crushed. For a resurgence of nationalism and a surprising exalta-

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tion of the traditional Japanese spirit have helped the police to put it down. But, in reality, the movement has not by any means been completely stamped out. There is still a spark of life in it, and by both legal and illegal means it is being kept alive, though in a dormant state.

The Communist movement in this country was already on the decline before the outbreak of the Manchurian incident. After the incident the movement lost much of its strength. It has since been kept going only by the so-called Emergency Communist Party. When the Inukai Government dissolved the sixtieth session of the Imperial Diet in February, 1932, the Communist Party, desperately determined to regain its influence, joined in the ensuing general election. It nominated its five leaders, Gaku Sano and four others (all under arrest already), as candidates for the House of Representatives. At the same time, the Party began publication of the *Second Proletarian Newspaper*. Its regular organ, the *Akahata*, or Red Flag, was continued. On the question of tactics to be employed in furthering the movement, the Party published in July, 1932, a pamphlet entitled *Conditions in Japan and Thesis on the Mission of the Japanese Communist Party*. This pamphlet had been prepared by the Western European Secretariat of the Communist International. Besides this, the Party continued in a most vigorous manner its struggle in the judicial court—one of the chief tasks prescribed by the *Thesis*.

In the year following the Manchurian incident, the Party carried on intensive activities. These activities came to assume the proportions of terrorism. This was not by any means a last frenzied outburst before the final collapse. In October, 1933, the police undertook a drastic round-up of Communists, and this seemed for a time to have given the Party its *coup de grace*. It almost ruined the Emergency Communist Party, and it threw a lurid light upon the thrilling hold-up that Communist gangsters had staged in the Tokyo branch of the Kawasaki Bank, an event that is still vivid in the memory of the nation.

II

This round-up marked the turning point, and from that time on the Communist movement in Japan declined rapidly. Among the remnants of the Party there was sharp internal strife. This strife finally became so intense that a number of leaders were lynched by their colleagues. At the same time, an equally sharp conflict developed between the Communist leaders and the National Congress of Trade Unions of Japan, better known as Zenkyo, and a hotbed of Communism. Fundamentally a struggle between the workers and the intellectuals, this conflict was marked by all sorts of terroristic outrages, including even lynchings. At the same time the Zenkyo split up into groups that fought among themselves, and in this way the Communist Party, which once displayed such striking unity under the iron laws of Communism, was torn asunder, and in their death agonies the various factional groups rapidly declined.

The decline of the Party was further accelerated when its two outstanding leaders, Gaku Sano and Sadachika, announced from prison a complete defection from radical thought and

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scathingly denounced the Communist International. This led to a series of rapid conversions. Thus the Japanese Communist movement nears its end. But there is still some life left in it, for its supporters, small though their number may be, engage with great tenacity in their secret activities.

III

The Communist Party in Japan has split into three factions, the Central Executive Committee, the Majority Group, and the Reconstruction Bureau. At present, these three factions are all struggling with one another. The cause of the break and subsequent strife is not a conflict of principles but a conflict of sentiment—taboo for Communists. The internal strife might be justified if it had arisen from a divergence of views, opinions, or campaign tactics, but the truth is that the strife is the result of a conflict of feeling. In recent years the Party has adopted no new methods of struggle, and its leaders still repeat the old catch phrases. The Central Executive Committee consists chiefly of the remnants of the defunct Communist Party. It has taken over the task of publishing the Party organ, *Akahata*. The so-called Majority Group, which was set up in opposition to the Central Executive Committee, does not really command a majority; but its publication is called the *Majority*. Hardly any party problem arises without leading to a conflict between these two groups. The Reconstruction Bureau has as its nucleus a group of persons who studied in Soviet Russia and returned home only after having been entrusted by the Soviet Communist Party with the mission of reconstructing the Party in Japan. They are reinforced by some elements from the old Students' League of Social Science.

The Central Executive Committee enjoys the backing of the leaders of the Zenkyo, while the 'Majority' is supported by the National Congress of Farmers' Unions and the Japanese Confederation of Consumers' Guilds. Although it has been reported that the executives of the Communist International have ordered its dissolution, the 'Majority' still exists in opposition to the Central Executive Committee. The Zenkyo, the hotbed of Communism in Japan, may be regarded as the Communist reserve force. It consists of trade unions in more than a dozen different industries and trades, including metal working, printing, food stuffs, fibre manufacture, transportation, traffic and communications, civil engineering and architecture, chemicals, saw mills, mining, seamen and harbor workers, and the employees of the Nippon Electric Company. But the Zenkyo is also divided into two conflicting groups, one supporting its executives and the other opposing them. The bulwark of the latter group, which supports the 'Majority' group of the Japanese Communist Party, is the Kwanto Regional Congress of Trade Unions.

The illegal farmers' movement is as much in the hands of the two opposing groups of the Zenkyo as is the illegal labor movement. For the National Congress of Farmers' Unions of Japan, the pivotal group of Communist farmers, has recently split into two conflicting groups. One of these, formed around the leaders of the Congress, is a powerful supporter of the 'Majority' group in the Communist Party and is bent on continuing its illegal activi-

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ties. The other, opposed to the Congress leaders, is planning to initiate a new farm movement of a Communist nature but independent of the leadership of the Japanese Communist Party. It is no wonder, therefore, that the two elements should be involved in acute strife.

Among the other Communist organizations directed by the Japan Communist Party, the League of Young Communists, the Japanese Anti-Imperialist League, and the Soviet Tomono-Kai (Friends of the Soviet Union) are conspicuous. But, with the exception of the League of Young Communists, these and other similar organizations have been far from active in recent years.

There was a time when the cultural movement gained considerable strength as the outward manifestation of Communist activities in Japan and played an important rôle in propagating radical thought. It is no exaggeration to say that this cultural movement was primarily responsible for the Party's brisk activity at one time and for the success with which Communist ideas permeated the minds of the intelligentsia and other social classes. When the rise of nationalism and the increased stringency of police control prevented the Party from continuing its economic and political activities and confronted it with the danger of collapse, it decided to devote all its resources to cultural activities in an endeavor to recapture its strength. As a first step toward this end the Party organized the Japanese Proletarian Culture League, composed of the Literary Writers' Union, the Dramatists' Union, the Musicians' Union, the Scientists' Union, and the Esperantists' Union.

The Party made the maximum use of this League in an effort to raise funds and obtain new members. The League, the largest of all Communist organizations, was, so to speak, the Party's last line of defense. But the defections of Sano, Nabeyama, and many others from the Communist camp precipitated a sudden decline in the League's influence. In the end, the League was so broken up that what was left of it was barely able to find shelter in the group of literary magazines.

IV

The above outlines the illegal phases of Communist agitation in Japan. It must be borne in mind, however, that there exists a number of legal Communist organizations engaged in various activities running counter to the national structure of the country. It must be borne in mind also that the combined strength of these legal organizations is far greater than that of the illegal ones.

The most salient feature of recent Communist tactics is a new form of the so-called 'fraction struggle'—a form of boring from within in non-Communist organizations. Of course, this method has been used in the past, but there is a fundamental difference between the old and the new. The old method was designed to serve the general purpose of Communist propaganda, to introduce and spread Communism in the spheres of social democracy and other isms. In other words, Communist elements were to penetrate other organizations and start radical activities by showing up these organizations in their true colors. But the new method is designed principally as a means of defense against

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police control, though its ultimate objectives are, of course, the propagation of Communism. It is a well-considered but negative method designed to insure the undisturbed progress of the Communist movement by veiling the Party with the color of legality. For this reason the new method is all the more dangerous. Crushed, the movement revives again. Insignificant and negligible though the Party may now be, the nation can hardly be too vigilant in defending itself against the Communist Party and its dormant activities. This is the more true when one takes into account the existence of many 'legal' Communist organizations.

III. Out of Work in Japan

By a Young Japanese Worker

Translated from *Monde*, Paris Communist Weekly

[*This report was originally written in Esperanto.*—The Editors]

IT HAS been hot since six o'clock in the morning. Under the supervision of four guards a number of Tokyo's unemployed are standing in line at the government office for the unemployed, waiting to get tickets giving them the right to a job. The rags they wear recall all the clothes of the world, but one quality these men all have in common: their pallor.

They have run all the way from their homes in order not to miss the distribution of tickets, for the day that is blessed with work is only too rare. Many of them lack watches—those cheap watches that Japanese industry sells by the pound for a few francs on all the markets, as if to reduce all the workers of the world to the same level of misery as its own exploited employees. Already quite weak, they have run needlessly, arriving long before the hour. Now they are fainting in their ranks—with dignity, in the Japanese fashion. I know it well. Two or three times I have lost consciousness in just this way. They tremble as though they were cold. Frequently one of their fellow workers fails to return the next day. He has finally died.

But to-day is a day of joy, a day when they can get work for four or five days if they are not prevented by the bad weather, which sometimes stops all work for a fortnight. Each man hopes anxiously for a job that will not be too hard, or at least not too ill paid.

According to the letters on the tickets that they receive, they go one by one toward the various jobs. The tickets marked A are for the ditch-digging jobs, the tickets marked B for the sewers, those marked C for the roads, those marked D for river works, etc. It is important to arrive in time for the roll call at 7:30. The 'rich' take the tram, a few others have bicycles, all the rest run as fast as their thin legs permit.

For those at the end of the line there are no more tickets at the employment office. With their dinner pails under their arms they go slowly home again, where they and their families will starve until the next turn for work comes around. It is not un-

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common to hear men say that they have come around to ask for work five days in succession without getting any.

II

The roll call begins on each job at 7:30. Another line to form. They hurry as each man tries to get a good position. They jostle one another. Life is so hard . . . Each in his turn gets his tools from the store room and resumes his place. Anyone who loses a tool will not be paid.

They work by the job or by the hour. Many prefer working by the job because they can quit work a few minutes earlier. Sometimes it happens that they cannot finish their jobs before 4:30, when the work ends. In such a case the unfinished portion is deducted from their pay even though they may have worked hard and not lost a minute.

At 11:30 we have three-quarters of an hour to eat. Most of us eat what we have brought with us, taking shelter under the projecting roofs of the houses or beside a road on which automobiles are raising a thick dust.

The winter is a severe one; drenched in rain and snow, we shiver with cold. I have lunched in this way hundreds of times, and I know what I am talking about. Those who have not brought their lunch go to the cafeteria, but many who say that they are going there actually only disappear to take a walk during their lunch hour. They come back to work with hollow stomachs and even more weary than before. But at least they have maintained their dignity.

Two other rest periods of a quarter of an hour each break the day, one at 9:45 and the other at 2:45. A few years ago these rest periods were a half-hour long. At present they are often omitted altogether. More and more frequently it happens that a comrade who simply cannot go on falls to the ground, right there on the job.

At the end of the day you are not paid on the spot. They give you a ticket, and it is against this ticket that the employment office pays you in money—from 4 till 5:30 only and not on Sundays and holidays. If you keep the ticket in your pocket, your children will have nothing to eat. And so you have to retrace your steps all the way to the employment office, even if your home is near the job. And, if you have been delayed on the job, you must run again. At the end of a day this sort of thing often means four or five hours of running and standing in line in addition to eight miserably paid hours of toil.

III

In the workers' cafés around the employment office a few tired men are drinking bad wine. But even this sight is becoming rare, for the poor consolation of wine is no longer within their means.

Compared to those of 1930, the tasks imposed in a single work day have been doubled and even tripled. During the same period, skilled workers' wages have been cut by at least half, and the trick of hiring them as unskilled workers reduces the pay that they get in 1935 to a third or a fourth of what they got in 1930. A carpenter or a mason who received 5 yen a day in 1930 is down to 2 yen in 1935. But, when they are hired these days as common laborers (on a take-it-or-

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leave-it basis), they are paid only 1.15 to 1.43 yen—a fourth of what they used to get. You see, comrades, what the lords of Japan mean when they talk about the 'great penance,' which is apparently the patriotic duty of every Japanese.

These reductions were imposed all at once. They took advantage of a time when our organizations were very weak. First they arrested the most militant comrades, and then they inflicted the cut on us. Since then every time a demonstration threatens at the employment office or on the jobs, the guards make arrests. They confiscate our work permits, which amounts to denying us the right to work and to live. My own work permit has been confiscated for more than three months every year.

But we are not the most unfortunate members of the Japanese proletariat. Our brothers, the poor peasants, get 60 sen a day from the Peasant Aid, as it is called, when they are out of work. And the authorities take advantage of the miserable pay they earn on public works to collect very heavy back taxes from them. In Korea the workers receive 20 to 30 sen a day for hard work from sunrise to sunset.

Finally, the rest of the unemployed day workers, whom the authorities refuse to register, like us, among the official unemployed, experience privations and work-relief conditions that one cannot imagine. They are ten times as numerous as we. The respectable official statistics of the Japanese Empire, in dealing with the number of the unemployed, display the well-known dexterity of our jugglers. Sometimes we registered unemployed make up the total of the unemployment in Japan, and sometimes we are not counted among the unemployed at all, 'because we have work.' The statistics never add the number of the registered unemployed to the number of the unregistered unemployed, for that would give an altogether too accurate picture of the cruel life of the Japanese people, who are tired of being sacrificed to idols on the work front as well as on the war front.

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A London *Times* war correspondent tells of his ill-fated trip to the Chaco, flying in a decrepit airplane, attending the 'Navidad' Ball at Concepción, meeting General Estigarribia, Paraguay's commander-in-chief, and surveying the 'front' from the cockpit of his plane.

Dust *in the* CHACO

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By P. S. Schor

From *Life and Letters To-day*
English Literary Quarterly

In THE four days during which the trim little river steamer linked civilization with the lonely villages between Buenos Aires and Asunción, I had many opportunities to enjoy the full qualities of a South American farewell. At every port of call a menacing wave of humanity advanced, seething irresistibly up the gangway. Visitors covered the ship's decks, filled the dining-room, the lounge, the passages, and overflowed from every cabin. The entire ship rattled with the chatter of Spanish.

'Whuv-v-v, whuv-v-v-v,' bellowed the siren, an absurdly precocious note for so small a vessel. Our visitors, in an indiscriminate orgy of kissing, began to say good-by.

'*Adios, adios. Recuerdòs à Juan y Maria Mercedes. No olvide escribir.*'

Each reminder was punctuated with a fine smacking kiss: none of your northern pecks here, just south of the Tropic of Capricorn.

Gradually the ebb began. In twos and threes and tens and hundreds they left the ship and lined up on the landing stage. The white-uniformed river policeman regarded them dispassionately. Out of uniform he enjoyed a copious leave-taking as much as anyone, but, '*caramba!*' in uniform one had one's dignity to remember.

The cables were cast off, handkerchiefs fluttered, the gap of water widened. It seemed as if nothing could prevent many of our late guests from throwing themselves into the water and swimming after us. It would have been a fitting dramatic gesture. But they had themselves well in hand. Only a small boy dropped his hat. It floated gently down the river, and

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the small boy yelled. The last we heard, as the ship rounded a bend, were his yells piercing the distance.

As we steamed northward the increasing strength of the sun drove me round to the shady side of the deck, where I sat absorbing background for my journalistic mission to Paraguay. My interest increased as I read the full incredible story of the race that had suffered practical annihilation rather than admit defeat. For six years, from 1864 to 1870, the Paraguayans under Francisco Lopez had fought against the combined armies of Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay, and, when peace was made, their male population had consisted only of old men and boys. Did the same grim tenacity of pride still possess them to-day? Was Bolivia fighting against men inspired by the same unquenchable spirit? The march of the Chaco War seemed to suggest an affirmative answer.

On the boat was traveling a retired colonel of the Paraguayan army, a fierce old patriarch who suspected all foreigners of being Bolivian spies.

'Are you going to Asunción?' he asked, glaring at me from shaggy-browed eyes. I admitted I was.

'Why?' he continued.

'I am a journalist,' I confessed, 'and my paper wants to know the Paraguayan point of view at first-hand.'

He grunted and informed me with obvious relish that a German journalist in Asunción had recently been arrested as a Bolivian spy. I attempted to smile easily, as if that were only to be expected.

'Yes,' continued the Paraguayan colonel, thrusting a long bony finger at me, 'arrested. He'll be shot.'

I learned later that the historical part of his well-meant parable was accurate but that his prophecy was wrong. A German pseudo-journalist had been arrested, but, to prevent international complications, he was deported, not shot. However, both the parable and the colonel's obviously strong feeling on the subject of foreigners made me careful to approach my mission through official channels, and on my arrival at Asunción I lost no time in visiting the Foreign Minister, Doctor Riart. He, in common with all other Paraguayan officials whom I met, was delighted that at last an English journal had sent an observer to get first-hand news and impressions of his country and of the war. He assured me that no obstacles would be placed in my way: I should be allowed to see what I wanted, to go where I liked.

II

My object was, of course, to go to the Chaco, and I had been advised to ask for an airplane to take me. The only other way of getting to army headquarters was a tedious four-days' journey by small boat up the River Paraguay as far as Puerto Casado, then by train in open trucks, and finally by lorry from the railhead to G.H.Q. at Camacho. That program did not appeal to me, if it were possible to reach the same destination in four and a half hours by air.

When I made my request, the Master of Diplomacy hunched up his shoulders and pulled down his face in a gesture eloquent of unhappy powerlessness. Of course, they would willingly have placed an airplane at my disposal, he told me, if they had had

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one. But Paraguay was a poor country. They had no airplanes and no money with which to buy any. He believed vaguely there were two, one for the commander-in-chief, General Estigarribia, and the other for urgent Red Cross work. He was sure I would appreciate the difficult circumstances in which Paraguay was placed. Now a ship was leaving Asunción for the north the very next day, and he would make arrangements for me to travel as a passenger.

Leaving the Ministry of Foreign Affairs I went down to the port to have a look at the ship. It had been a cattle boat and was now used for bringing Bolivian prisoners from the north to Asunción. It smelt rather worse than a neglected stable.

The next day, instead of packing my kit bag, I went to see the President. In view of the intense nationalism of the Paraguayans it was astonishing to find that they were governed by a French Jew. I found Doctor Ayala a charming gentleman, intellectual, broad-minded, and sincere. After discussing the incomprehensible attitude of the League of Nations towards Paraguay and Paraguay's earnest desire for peace, provided her future security from attack were guaranteed, the conversation veered round to the personal present, and I asked about an airplane. The President sucked his teeth thoughtfully, said they would have preferred me to travel by a safer route, but, since I insisted, he believed there was an airplane somewhere or other in the Chaco, which could come down to Asunción and fetch me. He would ring up the Minister of War and find out.

The Minister of War was even vaguer than the President, but inquiries by telephone and wireless resulted in the eventual discovery of the airplane. It had not been used for some time, but it would be overhauled and repaired, and I would be advised when it was ready: probably in four days' time.

III

I spent those days of waiting going about my occupations as an observer. In the sweltering heat I tramped the red dusty streets of Asunción, drank iced beer in open-air cafés, visited prison camps and the war arsenal, conversed with Ministers of State, soldiers, Bolivian prisoners, shopkeepers, waiters, foreign diplomats.

The streets were a fascinating picture. Against the background of red dust and old, flat-faced houses was painted a vivid stream of Indian women, barefooted, moving with that upright carriage and dignity which is acquired only by long years of bearing burdens on the head. Paraguayan soldiers in their gray-green uniforms mingled with them, and long lines of Bolivians, wearing the distinctive yellow of prisoners, worked on the roads with the plodding patience of oxen. Standing in the dusty unkempt plaza in front of the Cathedral, it was easy to annihilate the centuries with a thought, to see the old Spanish 'conquistadores,' just returned from some distant victory, sweating under the canopy of heat; or the Jesuits plodding through the hot dust while the little yellow town echoed with the clanging jangle of the bells. It was a shock to gaze over the river at the quiet meadows and to realize that, a few hundred miles to the north, modern man's ingenuity for destruction was battering noisily in a desert of forest . . .

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Four days later I received a telephone call from the War Ministry. My airplane was ready, and I could leave early that afternoon. That was Christmas Day, 1934.

The reluctance of the authorities to send me by air should have warned me. Failing that, the fact that the airplane had not been flown for some time and needed overhauling and repairing might have checked my desire for speed. It was not until it was too late to draw back that I had misgivings. However, the pilot, Captain Ballejo, had evidently received the most detailed instructions regarding my safety, and I had never flown in an airplane in which I had less confidence or with a pilot in whom I had more. An unused parachute of the very latest pattern was produced, but, as it would not unbuckle, I was given the ordinary military type known in Paraguay as a 'suicide umbrella.'

The airplane engine was gently roaring, sweeping the long grass of the airdrome backwards. I tried to adjust my helmet, which did not fit, climbed up into the cockpit behind the pilot, and sat down on my parachute with one leg hunched up to my chest and the other stretched out sideways to avoid the many parcels which the airplane was taking up to headquarters. Just before opening the throttle the pilot turned round to me and shouted: 'Do you know how to work your parachute?'

'No!' I quite truthfully replied.

'Pull that buckle,' he said, waving a vague arm in the direction of my chest. Then with a full-throated engine roar we began to bump over the ground.

Two things worried me during that flight. One was that I happened to notice the date on the manufacturer's plate in the cockpit: it was 1924. The other was that there were three buckles fastening three straps to my chest, and I had not the faintest notion which one to pull in order to release myself from the machine. Owing to my cramped position I could not move my arms enough to find out which of the three straps attached me to the cockpit and which to the parachute. I discovered afterward that I had decided to pull quite the wrong one, had the necessity arisen. Fortunately it did not.

I did not think I should ever experience greater discomfort than I did on that first flight into the Chaco. Apart from my natural anxieties I was cramped, my helmet let a gale of wind into my ears, the sun beat down relentlessly, it was bumpy, and for some reason the pilot did not attempt to climb higher. But I was to learn a few days later that greater discomfort could be experienced.

We had been flying for about an hour when a dark bank of clouds approached from the north. Lightning hung like vivid trailers from its hugely billowing edge. The pilot turned the machine to the east, and I wondered how he expected to avoid the oncoming storm, which seemed to be thicker in that quarter than in any other. Suddenly he put the machine's tail up, and we descended sharply, so sharply that I could see the earth stretched out in front of me over the pilot's head. We dashed down toward trees and a river. I confess I had my hand ready on the buckle, the wrong one. Then we flattened out, and I saw a landing field on the other side of the river. It was the military airdrome near Concepción. There we landed

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just as the rain began, and the airplane was hurriedly pushed into a hangar. The Paraguayans do not like their airplanes to get wet.

IV

When we arrived, Concepción was *en fête*. The social event of the year, the 'Navidad' Ball, was to take place that evening, and in a community stripped by the war of its male population, my pilot and I were veritable godsends. The arrival of an airplane was an uncommon visitation, of which the whole town knew in a remarkably short time, and, acting on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, the editor of the local newspaper was sent as special envoy to beg me to stay and attend the Ball.

It was a communal effort to which the whole town contributed. One family lent their house, other families provided the supper, others refreshments. I learned that Señor Zudañez, who had never been known to give anything before, had in a moment of expansive generosity offered to lend his house and to provide *caña*—a Paraguayan rum made from sugar-cane—for eighty persons. The general assumption was that the heat had affected the poor man, a conclusion to which his subsequent actions lent some color. For, at the next meeting of the Ball Committee, he expressed his shocked surprise that he should be expected to provide *caña* when he was already lending his house. And later he still further pruned his offer by saying that, as he had a number of valuables in his house, he was sure his fellow townsmen would understand if he locked the house up and asked them to use only the patio and garden for the party. His fellow townsmen showed every sign of understanding by being deeply insulted, and an atmosphere was created which might have been dispersed only by a duel had they not privately agreed with the logical justice of his caution.

I gather that other matters in connection with the Ball had stirred Concepción's deepest feelings. The two leading hostesses, Señora de Fernandez and Señora de Romaguera, had joined battle over the suggestion of a dance competition. Señora de Fernandez had a lovely daughter who danced divinely, and Señora de Romaguera had a less lovely daughter who could not dance at all. After a wordy battle, which would have done credit to a ladies' committee anywhere, Señora de Fernandez won the day, and it was decided to hold the dance competition at the Christmas Ball. The lovely Señorita de Fernandez vigorously practised her steps alone, but the less lovely Señorita de Romaguera took secret lessons from a fraudulent Austrian 'Count,' who happened to be visiting Concepción just then.

Doubt and expectation were thick in the air as we walked towards the house. Would Señor Zudañez really lock it up? Had the Austrian 'Count' indeed paid $800 a bottle for champagne, the money having been collected by subscription? And would Señora de Romaguera still do nothing to prevent the defeat in the dance competition to which everyone knew her daughter was doomed, in spite of the secret lessons with the 'Count'? I was digesting these interesting surmises when a polished old gentleman tapped me on the shoulder.

'The guest?' he asked with a smile of welcome.

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'Yes,' I replied, thinking how nice it was of them to make me feel at home.

'One hundred pesos, please,' said the old gentleman. One hundred Paraguayan pesos are worth only one shilling and tenpence, but my face evidently expressed surprise, for he went on to explain in the most patient and charming manner that it was the custom for guests to contribute something towards the expenses of the evening. He was so plausible and the idea was so delightful that only with difficulty did I stop myself from giving him two hundred pesos.

All our questions were answered in time. The house was locked on our arrival, but an enterprising young lady climbed in through a kitchen window and flung open the front door. The 'Count,' who had been requested to buy the champagne, was flaunting a very new suit, and the champagne was undrinkable. And, when the time came for the dance competition, Miss Fernandez was nowhere to be found. Search parties rushed frantically through the house and garden, and soon a breathless messenger returned to say that she was sitting beneath a tree at the bottom of the garden, alone with the Austrian 'Count.' A gleam of triumph lit up the eyes of the almost apoplectic mother. 'On no account disturb them,' she said and glanced at her rival with the smile of one who laughs last.

V

The next day when we flew off again I was much happier. I had discovered which buckle to pull and had stuffed my helmet with cotton wool so that it fitted tightly. It was a lovely morning, fresh and cloudless after the thunderstorm, and, as we bumped and rocked through the air pockets, I almost wished something might happen to the airplane, so that I could experience the sensation of floating down the still air, suspended under the canopy of my parachute. After three hours of flying over nothing but forest, we sighted a long straight road, which looked as if it had been ruled on the earth with a yellow pencil and which led us to the Paraguayan General Headquarters at Camacho.

From the air the only signs of a military post were a tall flagstaff, sticking up above the trees and proudly flaunting the Paraguayan flag, and the airdrome, which had been cleared out of the heart of the forest not long before it was captured from the Bolivians. But beneath the trees were all the signs of military occupation: huts made of mud bricks and roofed with reed and palm thatch, officers' bungalows with fly-proof netting over the windows and doors, a huge bakery, a slaughter-yard running with blood, a lorry-repair shop, petrol-driven pumps perpetually sucking water from deep down in the dry Chaco clay, telegraph wires and poles, the slender masts of a wireless transmitting station, huts for stores. The heat was intense. It beat down from an almost white sky and rose up in thick waves from the hard-baked clay. The tents which the troops used at first were later found to be excellent ovens in which the clay bricks were baked.

On the road the General's car was waiting to take me to Staff Headquarters. The one example of real military discipline I saw during my stay in the Chaco was when all traffic stopped at the approach of the General's car,

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so that he or his guests might proceed without being choked by dust. Everything on or near the road was powdered a uniform yellow, and it did not surprise me to see lorries ditched at frequent intervals, for the drivers at the end of the long line of a convoy had to drive through a fog of dust which blotted out the road.

A smart young aide-de-camp, a law student in Buenos Aires before the war, conducted me to General Estigarribia's bungalow. It was the same as all the other officers' quarters: lined inside and out with dried mud and containing a small bedroom, a bathroom with tin washing basin, and an office, one wall of which was covered with an immense map of the Chaco showing the position of the Paraguayan army by means of arrows pointing towards its objective.

VI

I had long looked forward to meeting the Paraguayan commander-in-chief, the man of already legendary fame in his own country. I knew that he was no mere guerilla war chief but that his victories had been the result of careful planning, of clever tactics, and of an inspired use of the geographical characteristics peculiar to the Chaco. He rose to receive me: a short man, precise and tidy, with a crop of black hair, delicately curved lips, a broad nose, strong chin, and the forehead of a thinker. He looked at me out of tired eyes, which did not reflect the smile on his lips. For once I found it unnecessary to wade through the courtesies of formal greeting which are customary in Latin America. The General hoped I had had a pleasant trip, waved me to a chair, and, looking at me with a quizzical birdlike glance that weighed me up in a minute, asked what I wanted to know about the campaigns.

We talked for a long time, he explaining from the wall map the saga of the Chaco War from the early days in 1932, when the Paraguayans, armed only with knives, axes, and obsolete rifles, went out to meet their superbly equipped enemy, to the end of 1934, when they had driven the Bolivians hundreds of kilometres to the northwest and were already in possession of the fringe of rich petroleum country between Villa Montes and Santa Cruz.

I heard how, during the brief armistice at the end of 1933, the Bolivians had time to retire and fortify a line which held up the Paraguayan advance for six months after the fighting was renewed. I was told how the Paraguayan army, hacking its way with knife and axe through the almost impenetrable forest at the rate of twenty and thirty kilometres a day, got behind the Bolivians' northern division and cut them off from their water supply, and how eight thousand Bolivians died of thirst during the subsequent three days. He spoke of this sadly. It was a victory, but not one of which he felt proud.

Whilst he talked in his quiet, expressionless voice, I felt that Lopez and his comrades would have approved of this son of their earth and of his deadly purpose to annihilate the invader's army. Here in the flesh was that indomitable spirit of which I had read, unconquerable because it would never admit defeat. Kill this generation, and the spirit would appear in the next. It was in the blood of that mixture of Spanish 'conquista-

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dor' and Guarani Indian, it was in the red earth of Asunción, in the yellow dust of the Chaco.

Precisely at twelve o'clock the General looked at his watch and got up. 'You will, of course, join me and my staff for all meals whilst you are here,' he said. 'We make only one rule: that the war is not to be discussed.'

VII

The Officers' Mess at Camacho was an Academy of Wit. To become a member of it, it was necessary to do more than sit and eat. Every subject except war was discussed brilliantly: art, Russian literature, social experiments, the Nazis, Buenos Aires morals, tariffs, scenery, and the League of Nations. That topic kept recurring and was the nearest we ever got to the Chaco War. I was asked why England, 'the home of common sense,' clung so desperately to the League, and my reply that England was also the adopted home of Don Quixote pleased them. Remembering that the body of Mohammed was alleged to be suspended in the ether where gravity was neutralized, they decided that the translation of the League of Nations from Geneva to that spot might happily solve the problem of its future home. One, however, thought that the tremendous gravity of the League might, even from that point, disturb the equilibrium of the earth, and another, more outspoken, hoped they would fall into the sun. 'Then think how nicely the protocols would burn,' quietly remarked the General, whose impish wit was rarely moved to speak.

Behind this rather childish fun at the expense of the League of Nations was a genuinely perplexed and troubled groping for some reason why the Lords of Geneva could not appreciate the Paraguayan point of view. Was it, they asked, so outrageous to demand security from future invasion and attack as the price of their agreement to arbitration? They were a small, weak nation, and what Bolivia had done once she might very easily do again, unless proper guarantees made her think twice before invading Paraguayan territory. In 1932 Paraguay had agreed unconditionally to the settlement of the dispute by arbitration, but Bolivia had then refused; how could the League with any justice or logic blame Paraguay exclusively?

VIII

The Bolivians, who were supreme in the air, had a happy arrangement of never going up before nine o'clock in the morning, so I was able to fly over different parts of the front before that hour each day. We used to start from the airdrome in the dimness of early dawn and sweep through the light but sunless sky and look down on tiny, apparently motionless cloudlets of dust beneath which were convoys of lorries taking food to the front. Further on, the smoke of field kitchens rose into the air in wisps as thin as gray hairs, and series of neatly penciled lines were the Bolivian trenches recently captured. Playful puffs of smoke like brown balloons showed where the guns were firing. Over a road we swooped down and flew along just above the tree tops. Curious clumps littered the road for twenty kilometres, the corpses of eight thousand unburied Bolivians evaporating in fetid steam . . .

Those flights over the front were in-

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tended to give me a bird's-eye picture of the ground which I should later cover on foot, but Chaco water prevented me from carrying out the second part of my plan. I had been warned not to drink the water at Camacho and had decided to buy my drinks in bottles at the canteen. But there was no canteen, and water was the only liquid provided at the General's table. My thirst was a generous one, and I drank copiously, with the result that dysentery developed. It seemed ridiculous to suffer from what at first closely resembled a childish complaint often experienced after greedy indulgence at birthday parties.

The next day I told the General I should have to return to Asunción to be cured. Chaco dysentery was not a thing to be played with. A quarter of the Paraguayans' very high losses from disease were caused by it, and I could think of numbers of more distinguished and dignified illnesses from which I preferred to die. So I mounted my 1924 airplane and begged the pilot to fly on the wings of the wind rather than on his sluggish motor.

It was a source of hope to me when, happening to turn round in my cockpit, I saw a long piece of wire trailing behind our tail. The worst, which at that moment seemed the best, was about to happen. The airplane was breaking, and we should have to land somehow. I tapped my pilot's shoulder and pointed cheerfully to the trailing wire. He looked puzzled, worried, and alarmed in quick succession and glanced hastily down at the ground, which presented a view of unbroken forest in all directions. He kept on looking round at the tail, and the more worried he got the more cheerful I felt.

With my hand on the buckle, the right one this time, I signaled a question to him, pointing downwards. He shook his head and waved his arm emphatically: his anxieties must have been doubled, for there he was with a broken rudder wire, with nothing but forest to land on, and with an apparently mad Englishman who wanted to throw himself literally on the mercy of a Paraguayan parachute. However, nothing occurred. The airplane was safely landed at the airdrome near Concepción, the rudder wire was mended, and in another hour and a half we reached the military airdrome of Asunción. So ended ignominiously the trip of a war correspondent.

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A Russian woman authority reveals the results of an extensive investigation into the married lives of two thousand metal workers and makes some significant suggestions for improving the enforcement of Soviet divorce laws.

MARRIAGE IN the U. S. S. R.

By S. KOPELIANSKAIA

Translated from *Izvestia*
Moscow Official Government Daily

IVAN ALEXEIEVICH M. was highly surprised when one fine morning he received a notice from the People's Court telling him to appear before the judge for non-support of his wife and children. But what was all this about? Surely there must be some misunderstanding. . . .

Of course, a few days before Ivan Alexeievich had gone to the divorce bureau and obtained a divorce from his wife; but no one knew about this, not even his wife,—that is to say, his former wife,—for why should he upset her ahead of time and why should he destroy his own peace of mind? He took it upon himself to notify his former wife and decided to go through this formality during his vacation. But the children? Well, of course, he planned to take care of them. Somehow or other he would have to come to an understanding with their mother after he returned from his vacation, but now, just before his vacation, when he needed the money so badly, especially as he was n't going alone . . . Furthermore, this was a purely private affair. After all, he was a free man. He could get a divorce whenever he chose. What was all this talk about a court, a notice? In an angry, sullen mood Ivan Alexeievich went to court to clear up this 'misunderstanding.'

It appeared, however, that there was no misunderstanding at all and that Ivan Alexeievich was rather incompletely informed on Soviet laws. True enough, no one infringed on his 'freedom to divorce,' but, in so far as the divorce was 'one sided,' that is to say, obtained in the absence of the wife, and in so far as there were children, the fate and sustenance of whom

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were not indicated at the time of divorce, the bureau took it upon itself to hand the matter over to the court, whose duty it is to solve all questions relating to the protection of children—with whom are they to live? how much must the father contribute toward their support, and how often? etc. In other words, it appeared that the fate of Ivan Alexeievich's children was not his private affair, as he erroneously thought, but a matter of importance and interest to the Soviet Government.

II

How many people look upon divorce lightly? How many young men and women really enter into marriage without considering the serious responsibilities involved? Is this flippant attitude toward marriage, divorce, and the family widespread, and may it really be called a mass-symptom in Soviet life?

The social and legal department of the Institute for the Protection of Motherhood and Childhood conducted a survey among two thousand families of metallurgical workers, that is to say, seven thousand people, all living in Moscow. In addition to this, we studied several hundred alimony cases and several hundred divorce cases. We were interested to determine the length of the marriages and the reasons for divorce; the motives for entering into marriage, the age of the young men and women, their attitude, revealing itself in the length of time they knew each other before marriage, etc. The dry language of figures and the vivid pictures of life both convinced us that the great majority of workers have a serious and thoughtful attitude toward the question of marriage and divorce. In several cases, however, we came face to face with grimacing masks, remnants of the past, examples of an ancient, uncultured attitude toward women, and instances where people took advantage of our laws regulating marriage and family life.

III

What is the average age at which the young woman in Soviet Russia marries? Figures show that the marriage age is much higher than it was before the Revolution. In carrying on our survey we divided all the cases into the following categories: pre-revolutionary marriages, post-revolutionary marriages of more than four years' duration, and post-revolutionary marriages of less than four years' duration.

We came to the conclusion that in pre-revolutionary marriages the woman married most often before she was twenty or, to put it exactly, when she was about seventeen. From the total number of marriages under observation, 30.7 per cent took place when the woman was under seventeen and 78 per cent when the woman was not yet twenty; 15.3 per cent married between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-four, for it was difficult for a woman over twenty-four to get married. Parents tried to marry off their daughters as soon as possible, conjugal life being a woman's only destiny.

Among the marriages concluded after the Revolution, which have lasted from four to fourteen years, only 56.9 per cent of the women were under twenty, and in the younger group—those who have been married less than four years—only 44.4 per

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cent were married when they were less than twenty. To-day 48.8 per cent of the women marry when they are over twenty—36.6 per cent between the ages of twenty and twenty-four and 12.2 per cent between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-nine. Interested calculations and the ugly family incidents compelling young women to marry at an early age have disappeared, and a girl in the Soviet Union is no longer forced by her parents to marry against her will. The fact that Soviet marriages are concluded when the woman has reached a more advanced age shows an increasing seriousness toward the questions of marriage and the family, and this becomes especially prominent if we consider, at the same time, the motives for entering into marriage and the length of time that the two young people have known each other previously.

Facts relating to the length of the pre-marital acquaintanceship bring out many interesting and characteristic changes—53.9 per cent of the pre-revolutionary marriages under observation were concluded after the man and woman had known each other for less than a month; 5.6 per cent after an acquaintanceship of one to three months; and 18.5 per cent after an acquaintanceship of three to twelve months. Only 22 per cent of the couples had known each other for more than a year at the time of their marriage. Many tragedies of Russian pre-revolutionary life are in this figure—53.9 per cent. People married to please their parents, to satisfy their own desires for self-aggrandizement; marriage was a kind of business deal.

Post-revolutionary marriages present an entirely different picture. Among those covering a period of more than four years, 55.7 per cent were concluded after an acquaintanceship of more than six months and only 21.4 per cent after an acquaintanceship of less than one month. For more recent marriages—those that took place less than four years ago—the corresponding figures are 53 per cent and 20.7 per cent.

Of course, the length of pre-marital acquaintanceship is only partly characteristic of the contemporary attitude toward marriage. A great many other factors of life play a significant rôle, but it is undeniable, none the less, that in the majority of cases a longer pre-marital acquaintanceship offers the two people concerned an opportunity for better understanding of each other's characters, tastes, interests, and habits. For this reason, the fact that more than one-fifth of the marriages were concluded after less than one month's acquaintanceship is a serious and disturbing factor.

IV

But take this case, for instance: two people had known and loved one another from childhood. They met often and were strongly attracted to one another. Then they were married and set up housekeeping together, and at this point unforeseen difficulties arose —'I think he is absolutely repulsive'; or, 'I never knew that he was so petty'; or, 'he is a difficult person to get along with, always looking for trouble'; or, 'he won't let me go to meetings, he won't let me study in the evenings, he does n't believe that I am really going to school'; or, 'she is very trivial, I never knew that before I married her.' These are the stories

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that people tell us across a table over which the sign 'Registration of Divorces' is displayed.

Most Soviet marriages persist over a long period of years. Among the divorce cases we studied the majority took place after the two people had been married over five or ten years. The motives for divorce, according to data collected among the metallurgical workers, formed the following picture:—

Divorces due to 'mental incompatibility' composed the largest group. This explains 29.9 per cent of all divorces among marriages that have lasted over four years and 31.9 per cent of divorces in the case of shorter marriages. The survey of divorces in the category of short-lived marriages reveals a whole series of complicated life-moments, a web of psychological, physiological, and social causes. In regard to these cases, the possibility of an easy divorce preventing family tragedies and the wrecking of human lives is one of the most important achievements of Soviet legislation, for it gives a human being the human right to build his own life without the 'base hypocrisy' that Lenin so often assailed.

But among these marriages that come to an untimely end because of 'mental incompatibility' are several in which the real motive is an obvious and unsightly return to the old morality. 'I thought she was a virgin,' Karl says. 'Well, she was n't. So I went away, and I want a divorce.'

And among the divorces due to 'mental incompatibility' are many that should obviously never have taken place. 'I married him because I really wanted to. He was a good friend of my mother's. I have known him since I was a child.' It appeared that at the time of their marriage he was fifty-six and she was twenty. The reasons for the divorce are obvious.

Unfortunately, many divorces occur as a result of 'drunkenness and brutality'; 19.6 per cent of the divorces among marriages that have lasted from four to fourteen years can be explained by one or both of the preceding reasons, and 24.5 per cent of the shorter marriages. Both the party organizations and the Komsomol should consider these percentages carefully. However, even in these unwelcome figures we may see the cultural development of the Soviet woman, who is no longer willing to live her life with a man who is a drunkard, who treats her brutally and is not a good comrade.

V

In order to appreciate our legislation with regard to marriage and divorce, we have only to recall the words of the great Lenin, 'We are a thousand times right in being proud of what we have achieved in this sphere.' But wonderful laws demand wonderful execution. To-day, at a time of such tremendous change in the living conditions and in the cultural life of the workers, at a time when the material well-being of the masses is rising day by day, at a time when we make such absolutely equitable demands upon parents for the upbringing of our future generation, this whole series of laws demands stricter control and a more adequate translation into life.

In the first place, when the case involves a one-sided divorce, would it not be a good plan to ask the other party whether he is aware of the di-

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vorce—especially when it is the husband who is seeking his freedom—and to find out, for instance, whether the woman is not pregnant at the time of the divorce? In the case of these one-sided divorces, it would be wise to secure the presence of the other party—rather than merely to send a notification of the divorce—in order to acquaint him or her with the reason for the procedure and to make all arrangements for the support of the children and of the woman herself if she should be pregnant or unable to work. We should also apply more strictly Article 132 of the Marriage Code, which specifies that two people registering their marriage must indicate the number of their preceding marriages, both registered and unregistered, and the number of their children.

In addition to this, we should apply the decree that, if the two people securing a divorce have not made some agreement for the support of their children,—especially in the case of a one-sided divorce,—the divorce bureau itself is compelled to hand the matter over to the court. At the same time, the laws providing for strict punishment in cases where one or the other party purposely hides any factors that may stand in the way of the marriage should be strictly enforced. We should also carry on additional work among the young people, for there are many young men and women who enter marriage completely ignorant of our remarkable family legislation. And, most important of all, we should struggle against the light, unworthy attitude toward women and children that we are still forced to meet in daily life and that is absolutely inexcusable in a socialist country.

Hitler—Leader of Dogs

The *Schwarze Corps*, official weekly paper of the Schutzstaffel, reports the following strange story of a 'talking dog,' told by a woman speaker to a training class for mothers at Jena, Thuringia:—

'I should like to tell you of a moving experience I had when my husband and I visited the Baroness Freytagh-Loringhoven, who has a talking dog.

'The Baroness invited my husband to ask the dog a difficult question, so my husband inquired, "Who is Adolf Hitler?" Deep was our emotion when we heard the dog reply, "My Leader." The clever animal knew that Hitler had brought in an anti-vivisection law, and so out of gratitude his little doggy brain acknowledged that Adolf Hitler was his leader.

'If such a little dog of his own accord could give such an answer, surely we, too, when asked, "Who is Hitler?" ought to have only one answer, "My Leader."'

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'Now the General's thick, powerful figure stood before the crowd . . . Still he waited with outstretched arm . . . It was time for me to fire . . . I fired . . .'

I Killed *the* GENERAL

By ALEXANDER HENDERSON

From the *Adelphi*
London Literary Monthly

JUNE the ninth, the day before the assassination, sprang at one bound into blazing sunshine. The town was hotter and dustier than ever. I went out in the morning, thinking that a walk would steady my nerves, but quickly came back. I found everything distasteful to me; felt a sour, sardonic rage against the world. The clear bright sunshine, the pretty women in the bright colors of summer, swaggering their sex in the streets, the cafés, the voices—I hated them all. In a mood of bitter disgust I hurried home.

Again I took out my gun, went over it once more with oilcan, brush, and rag. Held it to my shoulder, sighted the platform in the square. It was just thirty-one yards from my window. I had paced it out the day before as I wandered about the square. I packed a few papers and other belongings I wanted to take with me on the next day, and all the time tried not to think about the assassination.

Every time footsteps sounded on the stairs outside my room, my nerves tightened. But always the steps passed on. The police never came.

I got myself a cold lunch of meat and salad, for I had no servant now, had been living alone since my return in April. After lunch I dozed a little while, then spent a couple of hours writing up my diary. The activity of putting my thoughts on paper seemed to calm my nerves a little.

To my surprise as I wrote, for I had not seen her, nor thought of her for months, Marian came very vividly into my thoughts, and from beneath all the accumulated experiences of the past two years there welled up within me a sudden pity for her. Pity for myself, too, no doubt, but pity also for her. Once again I sought for the reason for our parting. It seemed to me now ridiculous that we should ever have parted. 'Why,' I thought, starting up from my chair, 'this is absurd.

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Of course, we have never separated. I have been dreaming . . .'

But the view from my window of the square, bright in the sunshine, with the platform for the General, asserted that it was no dream. Plain enough now that the failure was mine, the want, the lack, all mine.

But Marian had never married. Perhaps even now it was not too late . . .

My room got very hot as the afternoon sun shone through the windows, but in the evening there was a slight thunderstorm with some rain, and the air became cooler.

II

I went to bed early and slept well, waking soon after seven with the cool morning air blowing through my room, and a grateful, cool quietness within me. I dressed slowly and precisely, then went out to find Viktor.

As he opened the door to me, it seemed to me that his face was terribly drawn and pale.

'God knows what'll happen to-day,' he said anxiously. 'There's a frightful excitement about. Did you hear the bombs in the night? One exploded at the railway station, and two or three others on the outskirts of the town. I've never known the crowds so tense and sullen. . . . If *you* don't get the General, I reckon somebody else will. Maybe he'll never reach Congress Square. Would n't surprise me if someone threw a bomb the moment he steps out of the train. God, the man's mad, absolutely mad, to come here.'

'Well, we're in for it now, in any case. Is there going to be much of a fight in the Square to-day?'

'Sure to be. The Square will be lined with police and gendarmes to control the crowd. So there'll be a string of them across the end of Erjavceva Street. Behind them, apparently part of the crowd, will be Nardin and his men. Naturally, the moment you have fired, the police will make a dash for your house, probably for the front entrance, but they may try the side one as well. It'll be Nardin's job to stop them, so that we can get away in the car. They'll certainly fire after us, and maybe we'll meet gendarmes on the road who'll do the same, just because we happen to be going at a hell of a rate. But there's not likely to be many, because they'll all be wanted in Ljubljana . . . Jernej is piloting you to Trieste. Don't go any further away, we'll be wanting you back soon . . . Our big job to-day or to-morrow will be to get hold of the broadcasting station and tell the world about the General's bumping off! How do you feel?'

'All right. I'm only afraid of not bringing it off. Because then I should just go a bit potty. I should spend the rest of my days buttonholing strangers and saying to them over and over again, "*I'm* going to kill Nuznikovic! *I'm* going to kill Nuznikovic!" That's how I feel.'

'What time is it to be?'

'Noon. When the church bell starts to chime.'

'All over the country the party is waiting for the signal. We have n't had to tell them. The people will recognize it as a sign easily enough.'

'You know what to do? The moment you hear the shot, start up the car. I shall be down the stairs in a minute.'

'O.K. . . . God bless you!'

'And all of us.'

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His hand trembled as he took mine, and his harsh, bony face was stern and pale.

I went back to Congress Square. I had had no breakfast, but, although my stomach was curling up with hunger, I could not eat, for my chest seemed to have gone hard and cold right through, as though it were stone.

I closed the shutters to my windows, leaving a narrow crack through which I was to fire. I loaded my rifle and sat at the window, sighting the platform again and again, moving my chair now this way, now that.

Footsteps kept going past my door, walking or running up and down the stairs. I locked the door, but that only made me more nervous. I unlocked it again.

The Square was beginning to fill up now. People were crowding against the ropes, which kept a clear space in front of the platform. Peasants in bright holiday clothes, shopkeepers, students, gray, soberly dressed clerks, young women in pink and blue and yellow—all crowding together.

The shadows of the chestnut trees immediately behind the platform dappled the white boards. Empty they looked, waiting. Surely he must be coming soon?

It was only a little after eleven.

I lay down on my bed, hands behind my head, staring up at the ceiling.

The footsteps outside on the stairs grew fewer. Everybody in the house was out on the Square now, waiting for the General. I could hear the murmur of voices outside, then the purr of an airplane, growing to a roar, dying away again . . . the twitter of birds fluttering about the eaves of the house.

There was a luminous twilight in the room, with shavings and straws of sunlight scattered on the floor and walls, and on the ceiling a bright gold coin trembled above a glass of water.

I suppose I must have dozed for a second or two, for I suddenly started up with terror as I heard the crash of a bell.

But it was only the quarter to twelve.

The aides-de-camp were on the platform, their gold braid sparkling in the sunshine.

I took up my rifle and drew up my chair to the window. I would just have to wait now. The young officers in their elegant uniforms looked fascinatingly near and easy to hit. I wanted to have a go at them first; it would be so amusing to topple them over, one after another—as easy and as satisfying as snicking the heads off tulips with a walking-stick.

Every now and then there was a stir or murmur in the crowd, as though the General were coming, and my muscles and nerves tightened. But each time it proved to be only a secretary or town councilor, mere nobodies.

I began to fidget.

'Soon, soon, come soon,' I murmured to myself.

Then, suddenly, when I had been staring so hard through the crack between the shutters at the platform and the precise spot that Nuznikovic was to occupy that I had no attention for anything else, there came a hush in the Square. The voices ceased. But only after some seconds did I realize that the General was mounting the platform. My heart fluttered, as though he had nearly escaped me.

Now the General's thick, powerful figure stood before the crowd. His

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black bearded chin was thrust forward, the medals on his breast gleamed in the sunlight as, with arm outstretched, he greeted the people.

There was a ragged cheer from the crowd. I shivered as I heard it, so thin and heartless it was. I felt sorry for the fat General standing there, having to hear this mockery of enthusiasm, having to know that he was hated. For surely, I thought, even he, stupid as he is, must be able to feel the menace in the people's silence.

Still he waited with outstretched arm.

It was time for me to fire.

He is going to speak, look, his mouth is opening—but no, he will not speak yet, for something is missing—the stroke of midday.

Ah, now the chimes are beginning . . .

I fired.

My room was full of sound, echoing, circling round and round.

Reëchoing, whirling round and round like a mad dog chasing its tail . . .

The stairs slithered under me.

I plunged into a roar of chiming bells, and shouting voices, and trampling feet.

Then telegraph poles, hedges, gateways, trees were flung back behind us in an endless whirling stream. The white road flickered and bounced and curved before my eyes. On and on the white road roared under us. Never would it end.

At the crossroad there came a sudden, sharp pip-pip-pip!

I ducked.

The white road still roared on.

A fence rose up before us, a gate, a green field.

'Thank God!' said Viktor.

I tumbled out of the car. A few yards away, in the middle of the field, a man was watching the propeller of an airplane.

'It's done!' yelled Viktor to the man with the plane.

Half running, half walking, we hurried toward it.

I climbed in. Viktor held out his hand, but I hardly noticed it, for I was looking for something I missed . . .

'Damn it,' I said, 'I've left my newspaper behind . . .'

III

The plane began to bounce over the rough field. It was too late to shake hands with Viktor now. I waved to him, the fields and hills wheeled about me. The meadow sloped up like the roof of a house . . .

Far below a motorcar was slipping along over a strip of white velvet.

I felt gloriously, childishly excited.

'Go on! Go on!' I shouted to the pilot, as though I could urge the plane to greater and greater speeds.

'What next? Why should I stop now?' I asked myself. 'Why should this be the end? What more can I do? What is the end? And sing in endless morns of light!'

I was mad, quite mad.

I laughed.

'And sing in endless morns of light!'

Gloriously mad.

The plane began to rise as the hills humped their backs at us. Height now: 5,000 feet. Airspeed: 205.

Out into the sun went the plane, into the eternal solitude of the sky, the empty heavens, on and on into the plain white ether of peace.

In the silent roar of power, on and on.

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But the air was cold. The golden dust of the sun was without warmth. A vast chill sea of air flooded the empty sky. I shivered. My madness dwindled, shriveled, slunk away into a dark and endless tunnel, while the green hills and the dark pine forests, the tin-bright streams and the white houses all moved in solemn march beneath me, flowing away into the past, slowly and irrevocably going from me forever . . .

It was but a quarter of an hour's flight over the mountains before we saw the Adriatic shimmering like blue-gray crushed silk below us.

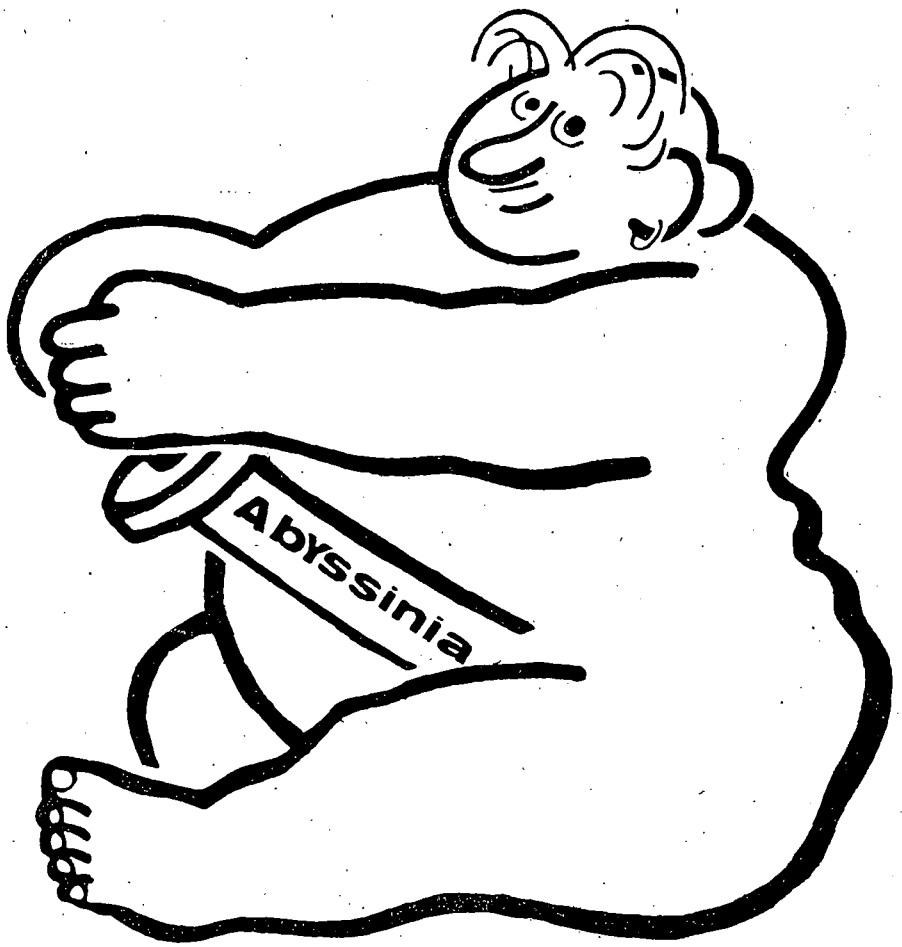
The plane descended, circled round Trieste, over the harbor, the town, seeking the airdrome, found it, then glided down and was still.

. . . . . .

Violence is beautiful like wine.

But afterwards there was only the long white road with the palm trees by the harbor, the dust, the glaring sun, and the waiter flicking the café tables with his dirty white cloth.

Old Europe Commits Hara-kiri



—Crespi in *Antieuropa*, Rome Fascist Monthly

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BOOKS ABROAD

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM. *By T. E. Lawrence. London: Jonathan Cape. 1935.*

(E. M. Forster in the *Listener*, London)

THE little fellow who is labeled for posterity as Lawrence of Arabia detested the title. He often asked people to call him T. E., and perhaps it is fitting to respect that wish when writing about him now. T. E. did not think very well of these *Seven Pillars*. 'Not good enough, but as good, apparently, as I can do' was inscribed in my own copy of it. He compared the thing to a builder's yard, he called the style gummy, and he advised beer to be spilt freely upon the binding. A public edition of the sacred volume now appears. It is a noble and a scrupulous reprint, and the multitudes who are expecting it will not go empty away. Layout, presentation, editing, by Mr. A. W. Lawrence; new maps and indices, choice of illustrations—all are very, very good. So are the contents, but if the public falls down and worships them it will do so without the author's approval. T. E. hated deference. He hated to feel respectable, respected, exempted, safe, in a world full of disreputables. At the bottom of our social ladder lie not only the failures, who are at all events printable, but the unprintable scamps who enjoy degradation. He had sympathy with both sorts, and any attempt to canonize him because he has written a book as big as a bible would make him jeer in his grave.

The text of the work is already a joy for experts. Things begin well with the losing of the original MS. in a bag on the platform of Reading Station. A later MS. forms the basis of the so-called 'Oxford' edition of 1922. I have read through this edition twice. One always tends to overpraise a long book, because one has got through it; still the 'Oxford' is in the judgment of several critics even superior to the version offered now, and it is good news that a reprint of it may eventually be made. Only about half-a-dozen copies exist. It contains nearly 330,000 words, and was printed by the *Oxford Times* in double column on one side of the paper. Fearful of prolixity, the author set to work to cut it down by 50,000 words. He removed, among other passages, the entire opening chapter, which seems a pity, for it was a helpful piece of writing and propelled the reader easily into the action. (One sentence in that canceled chapter always stays in my memory: 'All the subject provinces of the Empire to me were not worth one dead English boy'; a sentence to be weighed against 'The sword also means cleanness and death,' which is stamped on the cover of the present volume.) From the cut down 'Oxford' the famous subscribers' edition of 1926 was made; it was adorned with magnificent and sometimes arbitrary illustrations, and with an ornamental initial at the top of each page when possible. *Revolt in the Desert*, for public consumption, appeared at the same time. This is, of course, a drastic abridgment, though T. E. once remarked that he had added one unpublished item to it, in order to tease

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the subscribers. He loved teasing people who thought themselves It. The present edition reprints the subscribers'—with three minute omissions, carefully indicated in the text. Here the matter rests, unless the lost handbag is discovered and its contents revealed, when there may be the dickens to pay.

What is this long book about?

It describes the revolt in Arabia against the Turks, as it appeared to an Englishman who took part in it; he would not allow us to write 'the leading part.' It opens with his preliminary visit to Rabigh and understanding with Faisal; then comes the new idea: shifting north to Wejh and harrying thence the Medina railway. The idea works, and he leaves Faisal for a time and moves against Aqaba with Auda, another great figure of the revolt. A second success: Aqaba falls. The war then ceases to be in the Hejaz and becomes Syrian. Henceforward he coöperates with the British Army under his hero Allenby, and his main work is in Transjordania; it leads up to the cutting of the three railways round Deraa. Deraa isolated, the way lies clear to the third success, the capture of Damascus; the united armies enter Damascus, the revolt has triumphed.

That is what the book is about, and it could only be reviewed authoritatively by a staff officer who knows the East.

That is what the book is about, and *Moby Dick* was about catching a whale.

For round this tent-pole of a military chronicle T. E. has hung an unexampled fabric of portraits, descriptions, philosophies, emotions, adventures, dreams. He has brought to his task a fastidious scholarship, an impeccable memory, a style nicely woven out of Oxfordisms and Doughty, an eye unparalleled, a sexual frankness which would cause most authors to be run in by the police, a profound distrust of himself, a still profounder faith. The 'seven-pillared worthy house' was in his judgment never finished; the peace settlement of Versailles and some personal loss combined to shatter it, and 'the little things crept out to patch themselves hovels in its shadow.' But the fabric propped by the tent-pole of the military chronicle survives, stretched taut against the sun. As we penetrate its vast interior and are bewildered by contrary effects, it is natural that we should ask for a guide, and I would suggest for that purpose not the explosions of gun cotton and cries of dying Turks, not the cracklings of councils, not even the self-communings, but some such passage as this:—

'From this rock a silver runlet issued into the sunlight. I looked in to see the spout, a little thinner than my wrist, jetting out firmly from a fissure in the roof, and falling with that clean sound into a shallow, frothing pool, behind the step which served as entrance. The walls and roof of the crevice dripped with moisture. Thick ferns and grasses of the finest green made it a paradise just five feet square.

'Upon the water-cleansed and fragrant ledge I undressed my soiled body, and stepped into the little basin, to taste at last a freshness of moving air and water against my tired skin. It was deliciously cool. I lay there quietly, letting the clear, dark red water run over me in a ribbly stream, and rub the travel-dirt away. While I was so happy, a gray-bearded,

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ragged man, with a hewn face of great power and weariness, came slowly along the path till opposite the spring; and there he let himself down with a sigh upon my clothes spread out over a rock beside the path, for the sun-heat to chase out their thronging vermin.

'He heard me and leaned forward, peering with rheumy eyes at this white thing splashing in the hollow beyond the veil of sun-mist. After a long stare he seemed content, and closed his eyes, groaning, "The love is from God; and of God; and towards God."'

T. E. was a very difficult person, and no one who knew him at all well would venture to sum him up. But he certainly possessed the three heroic virtues: courage, generosity, and compassion. His courage and generosity he could not conceal, though he perversely tried to do so. Compassion is more easily hidden, and this passage is valuable because it reveals it. The little unhusked body, so happy in its baptism, the half-witted prophet contemplating it, lift us up into a region of tenderness and unselfish love which was probably his real world. A world unknown to the Arabs, he thought, and the mumblings of the old man quite upset his theories about them:—

'In fear of a revelation, I put an end to my bath, and advanced to recover my clothes. He shut his eyes with his hands, and groaned heavily. Tenderly I persuaded him to rise up and let me dress, and then to come with me along the crazy path which the camels had made in their climbing to and from the other water springs. He sat down by our coffee place, where Mohammed blew up the fire while I sought to make him utter doctrine. [Which the old man would n't do.] The Howeitat told me that lifelong he had wandered among them, moaning strange things, not knowing day or night, not troubling himself for food or work or shelter. He was given bounty of them all, as an afflicted man: but never replied a word, or talked aloud, except when abroad by himself or alone among the sheep and goats.'

If we take compassion as a lodestar, it may lead us through the psychology of the *Seven Pillars* as surely as Damascus led us northward through the geography. Here is a young man, describing himself as he was when still younger. He has discovered that he can lead an Arab army, fight, bluff, and spy, be hard and disciplinary, and this is exhilarating; but the course of his inner life runs contrary. That course is turbid, slow, weighted by remorse for victory, and by disgust against the body. Personal ill-luck and ill-health, particularly a horrible masochistic experience, emphasize this, so that when he analyzes himself it is as a spiritual outcaste, on the lines of Hermann Melville's Ishmael. To the attentive reader, something has gone wrong here, the analysis has reached one conclusion, the text keeps implying another. Does it imply that 'the love is from God and of God and towards God'? Nothing as theological as that, but there is a latent unselfishness, a constant good will which are fundamental, and which the fires of his own suffering fuse into compassion.

WHATEVER his inner life, he yearned to create a single work of art out of that life and out of his military experiences. He was rather superstitious about works of art, and spoke of them as if they belonged to a special category. The *Seven Pillars* to him was a failure, a 'builder's yard,' where

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wealth of material did not compensate for absence of form. The romantic evocations of Rumm and Azrak, the masterly character-sketches of Auda and other chiefs, the episode of Farraj and Daud, the gargantuan mutton-feast—he regarded them as bricks for a future and better architect. Perhaps when the subscribers' edition came out and all sorts of people thought it good, he worried less as to whether it was a work of art, but he was so modest that he never grasped its greatness, or admitted that he had given something unique to our literature.

He has also contributed to sociology, in recording what is probably the last of the picturesque wars. Camels, pennants, the blowing up of little railway trains by little charges of dynamite in the desert—it is unlikely to recur. Next time the airplane will blot out everything in an indifferent death, but the airplane in this yarn is only a visitor, which arrives in the last chapters to give special thrills. A personal note can still be struck. It is possible to pot at the fat station master as he sits drinking coffee with his friends . . . good . . . got him . . . he rolls off his deck chair! Steal up behind the shepherds and score their feet, so that they do not carry the news! Hide under the bridge in the rain all night! This is not only agreeable to the reader, it is important to the historian. Because it was waged under archaistic conditions, the Arab revolt is likely to be remembered. It is the last effort of the war-god before he laid down his godhead and turned chemist.

What T. E. himself thought of war it is impossible to say. He spent most of his life waging it or helping to prepare for it, but the military meditation which occupies Chapter 33 shows that he did not believe in killing people. Probably he was muddled and rattled like the rest of us, and cherished the theory that war is inevitable in order to steady himself. He was, of course, devoted to the Arab cause. Yet when it triumphed he felt that he had let down both his own countrymen and the foreigner by aping foreign ways, and became more English than ever. To regard him as 'gone native' is wrong. He belonged body and soul to our islands. And he should have been happier in olden days, when a man could feel surer that he was fighting for his own hearth, and this terrible modern mix-up had not begun.

It must be remembered, in conclusion, that the *Seven Pillars* is not his last testament. He had still several years to live, during which he was developing through methods which he himself understood, and writing things which often pleased him better. He seemed to have plenty of time. More and more people liked him. He made every sort of contact, and he could reveal only a little of himself to each person and yet not arouse distrust. One never thought of saying to him 'Tell me more.' Now that he is gone away, he has to come into the open, which he dreaded, he must be analyzed, estimated, claimed. A legend will probably flourish, and, twisted from his true bearings even further than Nelson, Lawrence of Arabia may turn into a tattoo master's asset, the boy scout's hero, and the girl guide's dream. Committees have already been formed by his more influential friends, directing public enthusiasm about him into suitable channels. They will protect him from the sharks, and this

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is a good thing, and let us hope that they will save him from the governesses also.

THE FALL OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC: A POLITICAL STUDY. *By R. T. Clark. London: Allen and Unwin. 1935.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

'THE threat of social misery is not to property but to liberty,' Mr. Clark writes. The sentence may well serve as the epitaph of the hapless Weimar Republic. If one thing more than another deserves to be singled out (the choice is not easy) in Mr. Clark's profoundly interesting and generally just, albeit ruthless, diagnosis of the decline and fall of the German Republic, it is those passages in which he penetratingly describes the failure of the supporters of the Weimar Constitution to realize how much more important it was 'to make safe the régime of liberty than to win success in foreign policy.'

It is true that his criticism is made in particular against the Stresemann of 1927,—Stresemann, 'the first great man to step upon the republican stage,' of whom Mr. Clark writes in generous and even noble appraisement,—but it is also true that the failure was not peculiar to him. 'Social misery had destroyed autocracy; it could destroy liberty,' Mr. Clark writes. 'What was really at stake was the one clear gain of the "revolution" —political freedom.'

Wisdom comes easily after the event; but there is no question that, making all allowance for the urgent claims of foreign policy, Mr. Clark's conclusion is as sound as it is revealing and that, if the democratic Governments from 1918 onward had given as much thought and energy to home as to foreign affairs, the Weimar Republic need never have been overthrown—and overthrown, as it was in the end, in impotence and ignominy.

It will have been noticed that Mr. Clark puts 'revolution' in quotation marks. 'The trouble with the German Revolution,' said a Socialist leader now in exile, 'was that there was no revolution.' Mr. Clark himself is slightly less remorseless: he concedes that there was a revolution, but it lasted exactly two days. A revolution, he writes, requires a revolutionary situation. There were discontent and disunity in Germany on the eve of the Armistice, but there was no revolutionary situation. Mr. Clark rightly dismisses as fiction, not history, the carefully propagated notion of 'the stab in the back' in the autumn of 1918: the German army was fairly and squarely beaten in the field, and the Armistice was a military, not a political, surrender. The first decisive act of the German Revolution, Mr. Clark argues, was not the Kiel mutiny but the proclamation by Kurt Eisner, Jewish journalist, idealist and revolutionary, of a republic in Bavaria on November 7, weeks after an armistice had been imperiously demanded by the unnerved Ludendorff. On November 8 the scales were still swaying. If Rosa Luxemburg, 'a woman of almost heroic stature and one of the ablest as well as the most courageous of the genuine revolutionaries in Europe,' had been a man, the night of November 8 would have seen a Soviet ruling in Berlin.

In that hour the leaders of the Majority Socialists, 'solid honest bourgeois for all their working-class origin,' took their decision. There was to be no

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revolution on the Lenin model. The 'sabotager-in-chief' was Ebert, who had made a bargain for the support of the army, the key of the situation. His motives were wholly honorable and patriotic, and Mr. Clark says of him that it will never be denied that he 'served with sacrificial loyalty that Germany which is not *erstes Reich*, nor *zweites Reich*, nor *drittes Reich*, but is that eternal Germany which is the noblest ideal of a great people, the Germany for which two of his sons died in the field and the third for long suffered in a Nazi concentration camp.' So much for the two-day Revolution.

THE Weimar Constitution was not less luckless. If the Revolution came hardly at all, the Constitution came five years too soon; and, 'worse still, it coincided precisely with the national humiliation of Versailles. In the minds of an ever-increasing section of public opinion the Treaty of Peace and the Constitution of August, 1919, formed one work in two volumes.' As the result of that association the fight against the peace settlement was to many impossible without a fight against the Constitution.

If, however, the Revolution had gone, the Republic remained. Its story, as told by Mr. Clark, for all that he is concerned throughout primarily with its political side, is absorbing and, in its final pages dealing with the hurrying events of late 1932 and early 1933, dramatic. Inevitably Gustav Stresemann plays a large and often a dominating part in its first period. Had he lived, he might have proved a doughty opponent of Herr Hitler—he might, Mr. Clark speculates, have been a presidial chancellor; he would never have joined the Papen-Hitler conspiracy; and he might have been in a concentration camp. As it was, vision came to him—the Stresemann of the 'dedicated look'—when physical vigor was failing. He died as fractious parties and a rent nation seemed disposed to turn and rally to him:—

'For eight years he had fought his fight with changing allies but with no comrades, and too often his foes had been those of his own household. For eight years he had borne alone Germany's destinies on his shoulders, as the men who fought at Marathon had borne alone the fate of Europe on the points of their long spears. For eight years he had sought the true path of the future, and now almost unsought it was opening out before him. He did not need now, as he had had to do so often, to beg for support and call for followers. In what he felt instinctively was an hour of great decision all that was best in Germany, all that was Germany was of its own accord rallying to him, and—the God of Luther be praised!—against Germany what could banded anarchy, what could the Hugenbergs and the Hitlers do? Up into his sickroom swept the echo of the roar of opening war . . . '

Holding that view of Stresemann—a view for which there is much to be said—Mr. Clark is not likely to deal lightly with Herr Hitler. The Leader is both 'the supreme gangster' and 'the supreme salesman' of modern politics, to which he has made one other contribution—'*Le parti c'est moi*':—

'His hold on his lieutenants is the very reverse of Mussolinian; it is not based on his personal predominance and superiority but on their knowledge

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that whatever he decides will be endorsed by the Party, to whom he is not Hitler but Hitlerism, not a man but a symbol; in the Hitlerite State he is not the leader but "the crown." He is no hero dominating events, however much hirelings may compare him to Cromwell or Frederick; he is himself an event, a happening. Actually he is in a real sense what a flatterer called him, "the unknown soldier of the Great War," symbolized anonymity, in himself essentially ordinary, recognized by his associates as ordinary, but, for those who are not his associates, tremendous because in him ordinariness is raised to the nth degree. He is the apotheosis of the mediocre, the *reductio ad absurdum* of democracy, so much, so utterly a product of his age that he had to wait for his hour until 1933.'

There is much to be said for that view too; but it is not the whole truth about Herr Hitler, although Mr. Clark no doubt would be reluctant to agree. Years as tortuous as they were tormented were to be lived through from the death of Stresemann to the death of the Republic. Brüning came to power as the youngest—and last truly parliamentary—chancellor of the Reich, forced to the front by the mediation of the clever, ill-fated Schleicher, at first against the opposition of Hindenburg, whose own preference was Hermann Müller, the Socialist leader and former chancellor. Müller had signed the hated Treaty of Versailles, but Hindenburg definitely liked him. The fact that Brüning had been a front-line soldier —a member of the machine-gunners' 'Suicide Club'—may have decided the old Field Marshal to forgo his own wishes. Of the courage Brüning brought to his hard task there is no question, and, when he was unconstitutionally dismissed from the Chancery, it was possible to say that Germany was 'still a nation.' His defect was that he was not the leader; 'he was the doctor working coldly to save the patient's life, always apart from it, forcing it to take remedies of extreme nauseatingness, never bringing it into active coöperation with him.'

First Herr von Papen, 'scion of an old Westphalian family . . . direct descendant of the Ouida guardsman'; then Kurt von Schleicher, 'self-confident, rather a dandy, but entirely capable,' who had intelligence as well as cleverness and whose 'intrigue always was directed to larger ends,' appeared in that sinister interlude, marked by unconstitutional precept and practice and party embitterments, which preceded the advent or, as Mr. Clark prefers to call it, the submission of Herr Hitler.

It has often been asked what the Socialist leaders, with their formidable resources, excellent party organization, and exceptional opportunities both in and out of office, were doing to allow the Republic to pass out not only without a fight but without the show of a fight. So far as the Communists are concerned, they were under the direction of Moscow, which took good care to see that their leaders, as Mr. Clark picturesquely and pungently puts it, 'became intellectual and political eunuchs to serve the better the aims and policies of an ambitious foreign Power.' Moscow —not for the first time in its dealings with foreign countries—misread the meaning of the German struggle and was more concerned with instructing

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the Communists to wage war on the Socialists than with urging them to work with the Socialists in warding off the peril that threatened them both. As for the Socialist leaders, they acted in 'the good old German way' by abdicating, as the Hohenzollern had done before them. They did not want a Socialist revolution and 'tried hard to avoid admitting the necessity for it by formal disbelief that the reaction would abuse its victory.'

How bitterly Mr. Clark feels about the last phase may be judged from the fact that, writing frankly from the liberal standpoint, he argues that the 'only one policy' of any use was to prepare deliberately for armed action: 'it was a question of stout barricades and straight shooting.' The rank and file was ready, the leadership was lacking. Mr. Clark ends his book with this sentence:—

'And the greatest horror of all is that, when freedom went down into bloody darkness, not one German, not one descendant of Arminius, was taken arms in hand and fighting, except a poor Jewish boy, driven crazy by seeing his mother battered into unconsciousness before his eyes.'

MUSSOLINI'S ITALY. *By Dr. Herman Finer. London: Gollancz. 1935.*

(J. L. Hammond in the *Spectator*, London)

THE ECONOMIC AND FINANCIAL POSITION OF ITALY. *London: The Royal Institute of Foreign Affairs. 1935.*

(Dr. Herman Finer in the *Spectator*, London)

THIS is a study of Fascism by a well-known university teacher and the author of some notable books, who spent most of the year 1933 in Italy and returned for two months in the following year. Mr. Finer explains in his preface that he is chiefly interested in Fascism as a system of government and less as a piece of machinery for supplying economic and social services. His readers have no reason to complain on this account, for it is too early to unravel the economic experiments of any contemporary society, whereas it is not too early to describe experiments in politics and culture. Mr. Finer's important account of the organization of the Fascist Party and of its methods for controlling the public life and mind of the Italian people is full and illuminating.

Bagehot held that only stupid peoples can work parliamentary government, and that for this reason it was ill-suited to the quick-witted French. Accordingly he welcomed Louis Napoleon's coup d'état. Mr. Finer's description of the rise of Mussolini—the most interesting part of his interesting book—recalls that career in several of its aspects. Both men studied history; Napoleon wrote a book on Cæsar; Mr. Finer says that no statesman has read so much as Mussolini since Gladstone. Both had been nursed in revolution; Napoleon among the Carbonari, Mussolini among the international socialists at Geneva. Both had absorbed exciting ideas. Mr. Fisher's brilliant book on Bonapartism showed that Napoleon had inherited a body of philosophy from St. Helena; Mussolini was full of the ideas of his age, the age of the Futurists, of Bergson, of Sorel, of will-power and self-expression.

With these qualities in common, they have also in common the crisis that gave them their opportunity. In both countries parliamentary gov-

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ernment was bewildered by problems too imperious and sudden for its methods and habits. The most famous and characteristic figure in Italian politics, Giolitti, might be described in the words that Mr. Simpson applied to Guizot: 'Guizot was a past master of that art which in all ages has enabled political rulers to secure a calm while they prepare a storm.' In France Parliament could neither satisfy the discontent that produced 1848 nor reassure the classes that it had thrown into panic. Mr. Finer's description of the part played by Mussolini in the confusion and strife of 1919 shows that he owed his power partly to his prestige as a revolutionary leader and partly to the capacity for leadership which compelled the panic-stricken middle classes to turn to the man who wrote as late as July, 1919: 'Let the land belong to the peasants,' and who still uses the word 'bourgeois' as a term of abuse.

Louis Napoleon came to catastrophe over his foreign policy. When he fell, his countrymen, remembering his generous European impulses, believed that France had been sacrificed to his 'deceiving Utopias.' But it was not the Crimean War nor the Italian War that ruined him. The war that ruined him was a war of a different kind. In the sixties he had what he called the 'grand idea' of his reign; this was his Mexican adventure, his plan for reëstablishing a French empire in America, a plan of personal and national ambition and nothing more. That plan kept him occupied with America while Bismarck's cold and steady hand was busy undermining the map of Europe. Napoleon pursuing this ambition made a blunder that he was never able to retrieve.

To the outside observer Abyssinia to-day looks dreadfully like Mussolini's Mexico. But, even if he escapes disaster, what of the future? He seeks to found a state based on new principles, not merely to enjoy a tyranny and then depart. But his system has a fatal flaw. For the cult of Mussolini is an essential part of it. He is the idol, the demigod of this mass emotion. And this cult, to judge by his latest speeches, is more and more associated with the cult of violence—a cult that all nations will pursue from time to time but few nations pursue for long without a strong reaction.

Mussolini talks of the British feeling in 1899, but he should remember that it was followed by 1905. He seeks to create a trained and disciplined state, but its training and discipline centre round a person, a person who stands to this state as a Medici prince stood to the people shouting in the streets of Florence. It is difficult to see how this Italy will be stronger than the old Italy in the spirit and habits of deliberate government. Mussolini thinks of himself in public as a Cæsar. In private he must often doubt, as Mommsen thinks that Sulla must have doubted, whether he will even leave behind him an effective garrison for the fortress he has raised with such skill and daring on the ruins of liberty.

THE Economic and Financial Position of Italy is a meritorious, but not flawless, analysis of the economic and financial state of that country. Its chief fault is the result of two difficulties: the lack of free discussion in Italy itself, which makes it almost impossible even for a native to gauge the true effect of government measures, and a certain timidity in judgment,

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was stabilized at 92 to the £ in 1927: for the sake of international prestige it was pitched too high. Severe deflation followed; wages and salaries were slashed; prices fell more slowly; a stiff tariff policy helping to keep them up, the bank rate went down. In the course of time, the real wages of the employed showed an improvement. Then foreign trade fell very seriously, and unemployment rose disastrously. Practically all imports and exports have had to come under strict government control. Free foreign exchange has been long abandoned, and the 40-per-cent gold coverage was abandoned a short time ago. The budget deficits since 1929 have, in large part, been the direct result of large military expenditure and a public-works policy designed to cope with unemployment and to secure self-sufficiency in the production of wheat. The deficits increased the weakness of the lira; wheat duties compelled Italians to pay two and a half times the world price for their bread and *pasta* (no mean tax on the working classes, to whom this is the staple of diet); sugar subsidies bolster the Italian price to four times the English. And so on.

The upshot is that the slight rise in real wages per hour masks extensive misery: for over 20 per cent of all the workers have no employment whatever, a good many do not work a full week, some work a day or two only—and the official figures do not tell all! This is not a pretty picture. It would be even less pretty if the memorandum had made some reference to the undemocratic incidence of taxation. A profounder study than the Institute was able in fact to make would show the parlous condition of Italian economy under Fascism.

EL CAPITALISMO ESPAÑOL AL DESNUDO. *By Antonio Ramos Oliveira. Madrid: Librería Enrique Prieto. 1935.*

(Translated from *Leviatán*, Madrid)

THE Bare Facts of Spanish Capitalism presents an excellent panorama, and it becomes all the more valuable when one considers that it is the first of such studies to be written by an author who is not in capitalism's service. Ramos Oliveira's book is neither doctrine nor thesis but rather a documented reportage of the pamphlet type. As we read its pages, we see the formation and life of the basic sectors of Spanish economy.

The loss of her last colonies must be considered the starting point of Spain's rather weak industrialization. The repatriation of capital, the influx of foreign investments, and the awakening of national consciousness (which had long been held in subjection to a brutalizing tradition) formed the fountainhead of Spain's industrial progress. The loss of colonies marks also the beginning of the Catalonian question, which soon became the major problem of Spanish politics. 'In 1897,' Ramos Oliveira tells us, 'the Catalonian cotton industry exported 11 million kilos to Cuba, the Philippines, and South America. 1898 was the year when the colonies were lost. The exports of the Catalonian cotton industry dropped immediately to 4 million kilos a year. With the loss of the colonies, the Catalonian bourgeoisie saw their foreign markets vanish. Protection was no longer enough. The lethargy of aristocratic and feudal interests contributed to the decline of industry. With revolutionary violence, the Catalonian bourgeoisie therefore revived the so-called Catalonian prob-

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which is perhaps the product of the neutral position taken by the Institute.

The study is divided into three parts. Part I surveys the general structure of the Corporative State; Part II describes the process of rationalization; Part III analyzes the position at the beginning of 1935. In Part I the memorandum emphasizes the rapid, though falling, increase of the population and estimates and accounts for the low standard of living. It is a pity that the study nowhere remarks upon the body of measures that the Fascist Government applies to secure an increase in the birth rate, especially since the writer observes that 'the outlet solution is at present negligible.' Does pressure of the population in part explain the Abyssinian adventure?

After demonstrating the natural dependence of Italy on overseas trade for raw materials, the mechanism of the Corporative State is described. This mechanism is mainly on paper and in the mouths of the oligarchy. When we come to the way in which decisions are actually made, the memorandum says: 'In Italy the State—meaning Signor Mussolini and the Fascist Party—constitutes this deciding voice.' This is not realistic enough. Mussolini has to be informed by someone. Who informs him? The Party consists of many very conflicting interests. Who, in fact, has the preponderant influence? Here, indeed, is one of the most serious weaknesses of this study: it competently describes the law and the regulations, but it fails to tell us what we vitally want to know: how, in detail, does it work? What is the cost of the efforts? Where is the stress and strain? What is the practical upshot of the intentions? This criticism holds good of the operation of the state-controlled trade unions, the Labor Courts, the Workers' Code. In my opinion a very serious fallacy lurks in this statement: 'The régime has lasted for nearly fifteen years and could not have done so if it had not had a fair measure of popular support, or if there had been leaders and a backing for some more suitable form of government.' Any tyro in the study of logic could tear this form of reasoning to tatters.

Part II of the memorandum rightly begins with the declaration that private enterprise is the essential principle of Fascist economy. For the process of rationalization is not a general state plan in the interests of social justice but simply the cure and prevention of the cruder maladies of capitalism, such as the sanitary reforms of the Italian banking system and the socialization of the losses of private industry and finance in the deflationary crisis of 1927–1929 and the world depression since 1931. The millions that this has cost the impoverished peasantry, the workers, and the small businessmen and the almost complete control over savings and investment that this has involved in the name of the State, but actually through the decisions of a few men who are not entirely immune from 'interest-begotten prejudice,' may be approximately determined from the size of the budget and the nature of the deficits.

We come then to Part III, which unravels the intricate web of the lira, foreign trade, standard of living, unemployment, public works, budget, and debt. The by no means fortunate story is by now well known and deserves to be better known. The lira

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lem and threatened the central Government with separatism.'

These were the origins of the problem. Since then, the Catalonian bourgeoisie, by playing a double game, has obtained considerable advantages, but the antagonism between the Spanish landowners' interests and those of the Catalonian bourgeoisie still exists. To improve its position, the Catalonian textile industry, which lives on the domestic market (thanks to impassable tariff barriers), needs a thorough agrarian reform to increase the buying power of the peasant masses.

Heavy industry weighs cruelly on the State. The War brought a shower of gold, with which Spain built up a metallurgical industry which was much superior to the needs of its market and which to-day has its chief support in the State. The latter now has to buy from it to keep it from going under.

Coal is another of the nation's nightmares. On the one hand, the poor quality of Spanish coal and, on the other, the industry's shameless business management keep the coal question constantly alive.

But, of all the parasites on the Spanish State, perhaps none is so debilitating as the railroads industry. It is particularly well fitted for blackmail. The temple of the railroad business is built on a base of relatively small shares. The companies complain of their lack of resources, and, besides asking help from the State, they also request permission to issue bonds. The railroad speculators' trick consists in reducing capital invested in shares to minimum proportions and placing the bulk of the capital in bonds. From time to time the companies paint their situation in the darkest colors, declaring that they cannot pay either their interest or their debt. The State rushes anxiously to help them, allocating funds and authorizing the companies to issue more bonds in order to obtain resources. This dangerous game is endless. Let us see in round figures what are the proportions of government capital, shares, and debts in the four chief companies (Norte, M. Z. A., Andaluces, and Oeste). Government capital amounts to 1,993 million pesetas; bonds to 2,638 million; shares, to 555 million. We find therefore, contrasted with 4,631 millions of government capital and of debt, only 555 millions in shares. Oh, happy Arcady!

We shall not say that Ramos Oliveira penetrates deeply into his topics; but he does bring them into focus with a keen eye. Certain magnates wander through his pages, among them the inevitable Juan March. Oliveira's book suffers perhaps from looseness of style and too many journalistic mannerisms.

His final conclusion is that corrupt Spanish capitalism can only be overcome and replaced by the proletariat's organizing socialism. Ramos Oliveira weights his argument by pointing to Marcelino Domingo's attempts to regulate economy as a sign of the impotence of bourgeois democracy. We agree with the solution, but the proof is not a very happy choice, for Señor Domingo himself is even more impractical than the ideas he professes.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

An Englishman Looks Us Over

HAROLD NICOLSON, who defined the Englishman for the benefit of those who read the July issue of The Living Age, now tells our readers —and the readers of the London *Listener*—what he thinks of the Americans:—

Americans are themselves under the impression that they strike European observers as young and crude. This youth-obsession of theirs amounts at moments to infantilism. It is true that, in comparison with other countries of the western hemisphere, such as Mexico, America may strike the European as culturally unadult. Yet the impression of youthfulness is not the permanent impression that the cautious visitor derives; the durable impression is of something fluid, diverse, unstable, and almost unreal. If he be a prudent man, he will come to the conclusion that he can never know what America really is. There will be moments even when he feels that no such thing, in any identifiable form, exists.

This impression of unreality will be confirmed by many experiences, some trivial and some more serious. There is, for instance, the difference in national consciousness. The ordinary European conceives his national identity in almost territorial terms. To a Frenchman, for instance, the word 'France' suggests his home, and the mental picture thereby invoked is of a row of poplars by the river or the line of balconies above some city street. To an Englishman the word 'England' evokes either a picture of chalk cliffs or cows scattered across an August field. Most Europeans, when they think of their countries, think of a place. Most Americans, on the other hand, think of an idea. They are not always quite certain what that idea is, but it comes to them as a general amalgam of stock phrases such as 'opportunity,' 'freedom,' 'equality,' fluttering together in a flurry of stars and stripes. The national consciousness of the European is apt, therefore, to concentrate around a definite place; the national consciousness of the American is apt to concentrate around an indefinite idea. The fact that we underestimate the force of that idea leads us all too often to conclude that the American is 'unreal,' whereas in fact his national consciousness centres around an abstract, while our national consciousness centres around a concrete.

It is very easy to scoff at the American idea. We can say, if we like, that their freedom is less than ours, and that their opportunity has ceased to be limitless. We can, if we like, deride the corruption of their politics and the quality of their culture. But the idea is operative, none the less. I should define it, not so much as an idea of equality (although egalitarianism in America is a striking and very welcome thing) but as an idea of coöperation or, as they phrase it, 'service.' If you prefer ethical terms, I should describe it, startling as this may seem, as a pervading atmosphere of individual unselfishness.

From this idea flow many symptoms which may strike us as strange. There is the immense kindliness of the American people, their hospitality and their good manners. There is their extreme and sometimes exaggerated corporate sense, which in its best form leads to devoted public service, and in its less admirable form provokes what André Siegfried has called their 'ruthless unification.' One of the strangest products of the American idea is not their 'rugged individualism' but their fear of being thought different from their neighbors. This leads, not merely to the repression of individual idiosyncrasies, but even to the abolition of all privacy.

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Thus the average American tends to become a standardized member of the herd. There are no hedges round his gardens, since hedges might be regarded as unneighborly. The type thereby tends to suppress the individual, even as good fellowship tends to oust intimacy. Here again is a factor which leads Europeans to regard Americans as unauthentic.

I would suggest also that we in this country are apt to regard, as typical of the Anglo-Saxon character, qualities which are mainly due to historical, geographical, and climatic accidents. The fact that for generations we have lived united and secure in a detestable but on the whole equable climate, and on a tiny island, has certainly given us a calm sense of national identity and a calm sense of individual confidence. We all know, more or less, who and what we are. At its best, this self-confidence produces tolerance, calm, patience, and sound commonsense; at its worst it produces indifference, lethargy, complacency, and general lack of awareness.

Now when we come to examine other Anglo-Saxons who live in more dynamic and far less sedative conditions we may be startled to find that they do not possess our own placidity of nerves or our own indolence of apprehension. The nervous system of the American, for instance, is not nearly as stagnant as our own nervous system. At its best, the American neurosis produces immense physical and mental activity; at its worst, it leads to instability, emotionalism, impulsiveness, and what they call 'the jitters' and we call 'the jumps.' It produces also frequent suspensions of self-confidence, which induces Americans to become particularly self-conscious when faced with the continuous complacency of the English visitor. The American is sometimes apt to hide his own diffidence under a smoke-cloud of chatter and boost; even as the Englishman is apt to protect his essential shyness behind a solemn mask of what is known to us as 'gentlemanlike reserve' or 'good form,' but is known to the Americans as 'the British boot face.' If Englishmen were to remember that most Americans are fundamentally diffident and if Americans were to remember that most Englishmen are fundamentally shy, then we might find the Americans less self-assertive and they might find us less arrogantly complacent.

The English visitor to the American continent should also recollect that American womanhood is a strongly entrenched trade union, which insists jealously upon its rights. American women expect far more attention from American men than English women ever receive from their male compatriots. An American wife, for instance, is wholly incapable of opening a door or even of lighting a match. She will go and stand by a door waiting as patiently as any poodle for her husband or some other man to come to the rescue; she will retain an unlighted cigarette in her lovely lips until some man has handed her a match. In return for the constant service which she expects and obtains, she rewards the male section of the population by taking immense trouble over her personal appearance. In no country, not even in France, are the women so lovely or so well appointed.

There are two further discrepancies which, although apparently trivial in themselves, do in fact cause the visiting Englishman bewilderment if not irritation. The first is this question of speed. True it is that in all physical matters American hustle contrasts with our placidity. The Americans are themselves convinced that the rapidity of their physical and mental processes must be a great surprise, and perhaps even a strain, to the visiting Englishman. With their usual kindness, they will thus spend the first ten minutes of any interview explaining to the Englishman how rapidly the American businessman comes to the point. Yet, in fact, I do not think we need be unduly alarmed by this speed factor. Physically the rush and rattle of it all,

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especially in the champagne air of New York, is very pleasurable. Mentally, the ordinary Englishman can just manage to keep up.

And then there is the question of humor. The Americans are convinced that no Englishman sees the point of an American joke. This, I feel, is an injustice. We *do* see the points of their jokes, and generally some twenty to thirty-five minutes before they arrive. It is merely that by the time an American story reaches its culmination the average Englishman hails this culmination with a sigh of relief rather than with a burst of surprised laughter. Nor is this all. No Englishman laughs very loud and long at anything; he prefers the understatement of a smile. Nor should we fail to recognize that American wit, as distinct from American humor, is of a higher quality than our own. I think that if we are patient about their humor and appreciative of their wit this delicate business about jokes need not unduly disturb our mutual relations.

The Manners of Millions

ON THE pretext of reviewing a book of etiquette, Y. Y., the perennial humorist of the *New Statesman and Nation*, manages to get in a number of sly digs at self-conscious Americans:—

Much as I had meditated on the slavery of social life, I had never realized how vast is the number of dinner-table taboos till I read lately an American book of etiquette, *Manners for Millions*. This book, written by Miss Sophie C. Hadida, exposes the servitude of the civilized diner-out as it has never been exposed before. There is not a moment of the meal at which he is not checked by some prohibition or other. For instance, if he is offered a second helping of some dish and does not want it, Miss Hadida allows him to say, 'No, thank you,' but absolutely forbids him to say, 'No, thank you, I'm full up,' or 'I should say not; I'm stuffed,' or 'I'm full up to the neck,' or 'I'm not able to move now,' or 'I'm so uncomfortable, I can't budge.' Strange that so freedom-loving a people as the Americans should meekly endure this censorship of honest and vivid speech!

Even if you dislike some dish that is offered you and wish to explain your reasons for refusing it, Miss Hadida forbids you to do this. Once again, you must limit yourself to a 'No, thank you,' and are forbidden to use such honest expressions as: 'I love *it*, but *it* does n't love me,' 'It makes me sick,' 'It bloats my stummick,' 'It creates gas,' 'It makes my skin break out,' 'Doctor says I must n't eat it, it gives me acne,' 'It causes regurgitation,' or even, 'I can't eat it, it hurts my tooth.' Under all these prohibitions, the lot of a dyspeptic guest at an American dinner-party must be one of considerable misery. Being forbidden to say the very things he most wants to say, he must often, I imagine, be reduced in the end to a glum and venomous silence.

Even the healthiest guest, however, is bound hand and foot—as well as tongue—by the oppressive laws of etiquette. He, no less than the dyspeptic, is subject to the iron commandment: 'Never blow food to cool it.' His robustness makes it all the more inexcusable for him to disobey the rule: 'If any food that is too hot finds its way to the mouth, do not remove it. Take a swallow of water.' His heartiness will not enable him to carry off lightly breaches of the two killjoy laws: 'Never offer to anyone a taste of food from your fork or spoon' and 'Never ask for anything from another's plate.' The rules are adamant. The land of the Medes and the Persians was Liberty Hall compared with a modern American home on the night of a dinner-party.

Even in England the guest is not supposed to misuse his napkin—by tucking it under his chin, for instance. But in America, the napkin prohibitions go far beyond this. There, according to Miss Hadida, the rule of the best people is: 'Never wipe more than the lips with the napkin. It is

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not for the cheeks, perspiration, or the nose.' This seems to me to be as serious an infringement of individual liberty as those other prohibitions: 'Never talk to anyone with a toothpick in your mouth,' and 'Never lick the fingers, no matter how sticky they be.'

Even in America, however, a certain latitude seems to be allowed to the newcomer in society. Miss Hadida speaks with genuine sympathy of the guest who is in the embarrassing position of having to deal with some unfamiliar dish. She counsels him:—

'Should there be served a dish that is unfamiliar to you, just watch out of the corner of your eye to see what the hostess does and do the same. If you are awkward at managing the unusual food, it is better to laugh off your awkwardness and say to your neighbor: "Gracious! I seem to be having a hard time."'

More than once I myself have been in this sad predicament. Would that I had been versed in the writings of Miss Hadida at the time, so that I might have known the appropriate comment to make to the accompaniment of a hollow laugh that would have put myself and my neighbor at our ease!

Laughter, indeed, is recommended by Miss Hadida as the way out of more than one difficult situation at the dinner-table. There is, for example, the situation of the guest who finds himself using the wrong fork or spoon:—

'If an error occurs, and you prefer to carry it off with a laugh, say something like this: "Oh, dear, I ought to carry a book of etiquette with me!" or "Par DAW, my error!" or "Social error 50 for me!" or "Well, I must be in love," or any other remark that seems to be suitable to the group present. This is just quietly said, as though you wished only the person next to you to hear and smile with you. A laugh follows and everyone is put at ease.'

American etiquette, however, is not confined to parties and such festive occasions. It spreads its rules into every corner of the national life—the Church, the theatre, the bathroom, and the office. There is scarcely an hour of the day at which Miss Hadida does not pursue her fellow countrymen and fellow countrywomen with rules—and excellent rules—of conduct. I know no book in which the ten commandments relating to chewing gum are more clearly and incisively formulated. Miss Hadida regards the chewing of gum as a 'plebeian habit,' but even so, she sees that there is a right way and a wrong way of chewing. As a guide to the right way, she has drawn up a series of admonitions, among them being:—

'Never make a noise (smacking, snapping) as you chew.

Never pull the gum out in long strings.

Never park your gum in any place that another is likely, or obliged, to touch with his fingers.

Never give chewing-gum to anyone—even to a child—if you have chewed it.

Never take gum from another person's mouth.'

As the habit of chewing is spreading in England, it is to be hoped that these wise words will be pondered here as well as in America.

English readers, indeed, might learn much to their advantage from the pages of this book. It is not only in America, but in England, that the younger generation would do well to take to heart Miss Hadida's advice on the subject of profanity:—

'Eliminate such profane words as "damn" and "hell" from your vocabulary. They do not add charm to your personality. Though your friends may laugh, they do not admire your choice of words. There is great danger in using such language, because there are many persons who strongly object to it—your minister, perhaps, or the Sunday-school teacher.' I think Miss Hadida does less than justice to the minister by introducing the word 'perhaps'; but, apart from this, her advice is perfectly sound.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

AMERICA FACES THE BARRICADES. *By John L. Spivak. New York: Covici, Friede Inc. 287 pages. $2.50.*

JOHN L. SPIVAK is a firm believer in the sovereign efficacy of hunger as an instrument of revolution. Although he is 'convinced that the American worker does not want to overthrow the Government,' he makes it ominously clear that, if this worker is too long deprived of food,—and other requirements of economic security,—'he will overthrow the Government without realizing that he is doing it.' *America Faces the Barricades* presents the reasons for this belief. Mr. Spivak, a journalist of exceptional talent and strong Left sympathies, toured the United States in an effort to discover what was actually happening to the American people under the New Deal. He talked with farm hands, fruit pickers, lumberjacks, textile workers, machinists, stock-yard workers, sharecroppers, small-town business men, bankers, relief workers, and executives—and everywhere the story was the same: increasing destitution for those who work, a rapid decline in living standards and morale, and a heavy gray pall of helplessness settling down on the so-called 'leaders' of the communities.

Faced with a depression of such catastrophic proportions, the American worker is lashing out clumsily but with growing insight in the general direction of revolutionary action, while the attitude of the business leaders (Mr. Spivak's interviews with them are classics of irony) is, quite literally, summed up in words that occur over and over again, 'I don't know . . . we just need some changes . . . somehow or other things will get better . . . I don't know.' Add to these grim pictures of insecurity and decay the chapters in which Mr. Spivak exposes the unsavory beginnings of an American Fascist (and anti-Semitic) movement, and the reader who is not himself a confirmed reactionary will begin to understand why the term 'red agitator'—particularly on the West coast—is becoming synonymous with all that is most militant and socially courageous in the American tradition. Mr. Spivak's book is indispensable to those who genuinely value this tradition.

THE NATIONAL RECOVERY ADMINISTRATION, AN ANALYSIS AND AN APPRAISAL. *By Leverett S. Lyon and others. Washington, D. C.: The Brookings Institution. 947 pages. $3.50.*

THIS volume, issued just before the Supreme Court decision invalidating Section 3 of the National Industrial Recovery Act, is likely to become a primary source for the history of this remarkable and ill-fated experiment in 'national planning.' Described by Mr. Lyon and his five collaborators of the Brookings Institution staff as 'a sprawling administrative colossus,' the N.R.A. spent nearly 14 million dollars in less than two years in its attempt to organize American business through more than 700 codes, filling 18 volumes and 13,000 pages. Here, in great detail, we see this colossus at its Sisyphean labors. Part I gives us the basic law; Part II discusses the administrative organization and procedure; in Part III we obtain a strictly orthodox picture of the wages and hours provisions of the Codes; Part IV shows the N.R.A. in relation to business (Labor Boards, etc.); and Part V discusses trade practices, including price fixing and restriction of output. Part VI summarizes the 'recovery' aspects of the N.I.R.A.: in employment, wages, purchasing power, property income, etc. The conclusion of the authors is summed up in a few blunt phrases: the codes 'tended to diminish the physical volume of production'; 'the N.R.A., on the whole, retarded recovery . . . the retarding effect of the N.R.A. has been substantial'; the attempt to raise purchasing power by boosting costs and prices was 'putting the cart before the horse.' All of these, and similar conclusions, are exhaustively supported by the comprehensive factual data assembled in what appears now to be one of the first 'obituaries' of the N.R.A.

HELL-HOLE OF CREATION, THE EXPLORATION OF ABYSSINIAN DANAKIL. *By L. M. Nesbitt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 382 pages, map, illus. $3.75.*

THINGS are happening so fast in the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia that the facts of one

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day become the rumors of the next—and vice versa. It is therefore pleasant to turn to an account of this country that is not only authoritative but intensely dramatic and readable. Mr. Nesbitt, an English mining engineer, knew that only three attempts had been made by white men to explore the sinister Danakil region in northern Ethiopia and that all of them ended fatally. Nevertheless, in 1928, in company with two Italian adventurers and a small caravan armed with only twelve obsolete rifles and some 200 rounds of ammunition, Mr. Nesbitt embarked on the fourth expedition—and lived to tell the tale. His achievement was remarkable enough to bring him the Murcheson Award of the Royal Geographic Society. This volume is a record of the journey, which required nearly four months, traversed 800 miles of a country where temperatures (in the shade) hovered around 140° Fahrenheit and whose inhabitants, the indomitable Danakil, are among the most dreaded native tribes of the world. As usually happens on such expeditions, a combination of courage, firmness, and absolute good faith in dealing with the natives brought its reward: time and again the threat of sudden death was circumvented by skill, diplomacy, and gifts, giving the explorers further opportunities to study both the region and its many fierce tribes. It is worth noting Mr. Nesbitt's statement that 'we Europeans never carried weapons': how many readers of his fascinating and unique book will contrast this intelligent attitude—and the brilliant success of the expedition—with the present murderous sabre-rattling of Mussolini and his legions? Not merely the Danakil region but the whole of Ethiopia is likely to demonstrate the tragic futility of 'Europeans carrying weapons'—whether of the military or of the repressive economic variety.

FIELD, FACTORY, AND WOMAN IN THE SOVIET UNION. *By Susan M. Kingsbury and Mildred Fairchild. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. 334 pages. $3.50.*

IF A society may be judged by the economic position of its women, then the Soviet Union has fought its hard way very close to the top. Such, at least, is the impression one gains from reading this admirable monograph by two American sociologists, who spent five years in a close study of conditions in the Proletarian State. The volume is divided into two sections: the first, dealing primarily with industrial life, is by Miss Fairchild; the second, by Miss Kingsbury, discusses social life. In each case we are given an extraordinarily detailed picture of the progress that has been made since the Bolshevists assumed power in Russia, a picture supported at all points by statistics that have been carefully checked and intelligently used. Among the subjects discussed are: workers in the old Russia and the new; women and the trade unions; how labor protects itself in industry, including accident and health safeguards; the new incentives that have taken the place of the old, based on pecuniary competition; collective farms; education, housing, and the improvement of home life; standards of living, with an analysis of typical family budgets and a wealth of information on the treatment of children; the family—a chapter that explodes many silly myths regarding the supposed barbarity or immorality of Soviet home life. Unquestionably, this volume should be read and carefully pondered by everyone who is at all interested in genuine social progress.

—HAROLD WARD

THE EXPULSION OF THE JEWS FROM SPAIN. *By Valeriu Marcu. New York: The Viking Press. 181 pages. $2.25.*

EVER since Pharaoh cried, 'Rise up and get you forth from among my people,' the Jews have been a persecuted race. Because they have a higher general average of intelligence than other racial groups, they repeatedly arouse the enmity of their duller contemporaries. And, because they insist upon remaining Jews, they provide convenient and conspicuous targets for attacks. What is going on in Germany to-day is in many respects but a repetition of what has happened to the Jews many times before, both in Germany and elsewhere. But of all the persecutions of the past, the most persistent and the most 'successful' was that which consumed so much of Spain's energies during the long course of the fifteenth century. Valeriu Marcu, a Rumanian historian, has ably retold the events of this tragic period, and, though his little book is not to be compared with Charles Lea's great work, still it serves a useful function, and may profitably be read by many persons who would never think of attempting the larger study.

—V. F.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

Berlin a notable member of the last group is the special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. His dispatches not infrequently contain information available nowhere else. Two such—on the circumstances of the laboring class and the methods of the secret political police—we offer here.

WRITING in his native language, a Japanese ('Takeshi Arakawa' is a *nom-de-plume*) describes the decline and present state of the Communist Party in Japan, where, as in so many other countries, internecine strife has proved an obliging ally of the authorities in putting the movement down.

THE other side of this medal is pictured by a young Japanese worker. Using Esperanto to convey his message, he tells of the hardships of the Japanese unemployed and reflects the results of the decline of Communism.

WHAT Buchmanism is to Christianity, Tenrikyo, a new Japanese sect, is to Shintoism. Writing in the conservative *Spectator*, an Englishman describes this useful movement, which leads employees to work overtime without pay and makes everyone contented with his lot.

DUST in the Chaco, by a correspondent of the London *Times*, vividly describes a dangerous trip to the Chaco when the fighting in that mad war was at its height and great heaps of bodies lay steaming, like green manure, in the sun. The writer reached his goal only to be turned back by a humiliating disease.

IN A recent issue of the *New Masses*, a correspondent upbraids that journal for affording 'hardly any picture at all of what the Soviets are thinking about, while THE LIVING AGE is continually translating articles, stories, and reportage into English.' We graciously acknowledge, and hope to continue to merit, the praise. This month our offer is an article on marriage and divorce in Russia, written by a docent of the Central Scientific Institute for the Protection of Motherhood and Childhood and translated from *Izvestia*.

NOW that the old American tradition of assassination has been so spectacularly revived, our readers may be interested in seeing Alexander Henderson's attempt to imagine the feelings of a political assassin as he lies in wait for his victim, as he shoots him, and as he makes his get-away. For it is not merely in the Balkans that men experience this emotional catharsis.

OUR 'Persons and Personages' department this month presents three statesmen —one Italian, one English, and one Japanese. Baron Aloisi, as the spokesman of Il Duce in Geneva and elsewhere, has perhaps been more cordially disliked than almost any other diplomat. Our article from *Marianne*, Paris liberal weekly, gives a succinct description of his personality and past experience.

LORD LINLITHGOW, recently appointed Viceroy of India, assumes the responsibilities of his office at a particularly delicate moment, when the situation in India is further complicated by the new India bill, on the one hand, and the prospects—they are still only prospects as we go to press—of war in Abyssinia.

OUR article on Korekiyo Takahashi introduces Japan's eighty-one-year-old Minister of Finance. Gilbert C. Townsend, writing in the Budapest *Pester Lloyd*, tells the story of his remarkable career.

'BOOKS Abroad' features a review of T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* by E. M. Forster. The American publisher is Doubleday Doran and Co.

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